

# The Centaur of Attention

Veronica sighed as she ran one painted nail lazily down the back of the miniature dragon laying beside the elegant chaise lounge. Nothing was interesting anymore. Even with all the money in the world at her behest, she still could not think of one more thing she wanted to buy. She had dated men from all around the world, had gone to the fanciest and most expensive shows around the globe. She had bought dragons and griffens and unicorns from Bio-Myth Labs, where scientists custom made creatures of myth and legend as amusement for the rich. That had been fun for a while, when she was one of the only ones who could afford such things, but now everyone had them. Why, even Tiffany, from down the street, had just been by to show off her adorable new horsefly ( a miniature horse with the gossamer wings of a dragon fly). Frankly, now it was just boring. How many different animals could you think of? A slow smile began to work its way across her face. How many different *animals*?

"Look, I told you already, cost is no object. Make a centaur for me." Her voice had the determined quality only found in the voice of the very spoiled, the voice of someone used to getting whatever she wanted.

"It's not the cost. We are unable to make human half-breeds," Tom said.

"Why?" Her voice was hard and suspicious. "I'd be willing to pay..."

"Money isn't the issue here! Just what person are you planning for me to cut up and glue to the back of a horse? You're not going to be able to buy anyone willing to undergo *that* anytime soon." His words hung in the air for a moment, indignant and sarcastic.

"Oh. I hadn't thought of that."

"Your kind never do."

"What was that?" she said angrily, none too pleased at having a desire thwarted.

"Nothing, Miss Young," he said, his mocking grin belying his words. "As I was saying; do you now see why making a centaur would be out of the question?"

"I'll do it."

"We could never get a volun... You'll do what?"

"Be the centaur, silly."

"You're out of your mind!"

"What?" Her tone was that of royalty talking to an inferior drudge.

"I mean I could never let you do that. Your father would kill me."

"Why? I understood you were experts. There should be no risk involved."

"Well, yes, but... Well, I've never done this to a human being before... and there's always a risk with any major surgery. And... What am I saying? There's no way I could let you do this. What would your father do to me if he came home and found out that his only daughter was half horse?"

"Daddy? I hardly ever see him."

"I... I..." He fumbled, clearly at a loss for words.

"Alright then, the surgery will be Tuesday morning at eleven sharp." She paused. "We'll use my favorite black mare, Carmen. Ta." She walked briskly out the door to the waiting limousine parked right outside.

"When did I lose control?" Tom complained to his parrot headed cat.

"Right away, you jerk. Rawk. Right away, you jerk."

"Agreed." He rolled his eyes.

"Of course, you jerk. Rawk."

It was Tuesday morning, 10:55. He had tried to persuade her to give up the idea of becoming a centaur, even to the point of calling her father. "Daddy," however had refused to listen past the words. "Veronica wants..." He had interrupted with, "Whatever she wants, give it to her. And don't bother me with this nonsense, again."



Tom was left without an argument. What could one biologist do against half the world's wealth? The instruments had been laid out, the mare sedated. Nothing was left for him to do until Veronica arrived. The hands of the clock crept ever so slowly to eleven and then... Nothing. He let out a sigh of relief. She had given up the idea or maybe it had just been a joke to begin with...

"Hel-lo." It was eleven-oh-one, and she had just arrived.

"Oh. Hi."

"Hello," she said crisply. "Let's get started."

"I...I...I really don't think you should do this. You know there are so many things that could go wrong. I mean there's the risk with every major surgery... and then there are the hormone treatments and the modifications that will have to be made on your brain in order for you to accept the horse's body. I mean I've done it before but never with anything as intelligent as a human being! You could end up brain dead!" He was babbling now, trying to convince her of the danger involved here and realizing the utter futility of it.

"I know all that." She sounded bored. "You've explained it dozens of times. Now let's get on with the operation, shall we?" She knew nothing would go wrong with *her* operation. She was Veronica Young, only child of Carl Young, and heir to one of the largest fortunes in America. Nothing bad could happen to *her*.

"Alright." He knew when he was defeated. "Lie down here. I'm going to give you a shot of this sedative. Now just lie here while this is taking effect and I'm going to go get my partner and technicians. When he and his crew re-entered the room she was sound asleep.

"Okay. You all know what to do, right?" There was a general murmur of consent. "Well, then, let's get started."

The team of two scientists/surgeons and five technicians worked in tense silence for the rest of the day, piecing the many jumbled organs into one operative system. Finally, many hours later, the transformation was complete. On the operating table lay a creature often seen in myth but never before in the flesh, a creature with the glossy hindquarters of a black thoroughbred horse and the upper torso of a pretty young woman.

The surgeons let out a sigh of relief. Everything had gone alright so far. Now, however, came the crucial step. Simply sewing together the two halves wasn't difficult, but they now had to make certain that the cells of the two creatures didn't reject each other. Most of the operating team left at this point. Only Tom was left to wait it out with her, administering hormone treatments at times and keeping a constant watch to make sure nothing went wrong.

Just as he was beginning to doze off, after a vigil of eighteen hours, there was a stirring on the unusually large operating table in front of him. Veronica raised her head slightly and then sank back with a groan. She opened her eyes cautiously, and the two Toms before her quivered and merged into one being.

"Don't try to get up, yet. You're still recovering. You were under pretty heavy anesthesia. Don't worry, the surgery went fine. You now have the honor of being the world's first half human." She looked at him groggily. "Don't you remember, Miss Young? You are now a centaur."

She blinked, beginning to comprehend, and then started as she remembered. She twisted around, trying to see herself and fell back, exhausted.

"Don't strain too much. You've just been through something that no other human being has ever experienced... Although you aren't exactly a human being anymore." He chuckled and she glared up at him. "I'm going to give you another sedative now. In the morning we'll see how you're feeling, but it'll probably take a couple of days before you're ready to start learning how to walk on those new legs. Now, lie back..." That was the last she heard for a long time.

The next time she awoke, she was feeling much better. Her head had cleared, and her eyes were in focus. She cautiously lifted her head, remembering the last time, and when no wave of nausea greeted her, carefully twisted around to look at her new hindquarters. The coarse black tail which her gaze first fell upon flicked up and hit her in the eye. She fell back with a little yelp.

"What's wrong? What happened?" Tom, hearing her cry, rushed into the room.

"I... It hit me. Right in the eye."



"What hit you?" He looked around, puzzled. There was nothing in the room other than the bed and Veronica, herself. Nothing could have hit her.

"The tail. My tail. It's haunted."

He laughed with relief. "You just haven't gotten control of the muscles yet. We're going to be working on that in the next couple of weeks."

"Weeks! I'm going to have to stay here for *weeks*?" There was utter disgust in her voice.

"Well, there's no way for you to get out, you can't even walk. And if you did manage to get home there would be no one to give you the physical therapy or treatments you need. So..." He began to leer. "It looks like it's just you and me, babe." He moved closer to her. As she screamed and tried to hide, he burst out laughing.

"You're hardly a sex object anymore. Look at yourself, you don't even have..." He blushed. "I mean, well, you're a horse down there now."

"Oh yeah. You mean I won't ever be able to..."

"You got it babe. I tried to tell you."

"Who are you anyway? You act and talk like some uneducated street kid half the time, but I've got to assume that you're competent in what you do or I wouldn't be here now."

He shrugged, casually. "Guess I'm just your friendly neighborhood eccentric genius." He grinned boyishly at her.

"But really. How did you ever manage to stay serious enough to get a job here? I heard the guy who owns this business is really strict."

He looked surprised. "But... I am the guy who owns this place. I thought it up and started it my..."

She burst out laughing. "You? You created this business?" she sputtered. "Give me a break."

"You don't think I could do it?" He was indignant.

"You're hardly older than I am."

"I'm twenty-six."

"And I'm twenty-three, and I've had bio-myth creatures for years."

"I started it when I was twenty-two."

"You're barely mature enough to be a technician. How could you think up and run this place?"

"I told you. I'm an eccentric genius." He paused and clapped her on the shoulder. "You know, hon, you're much more fun to talk to when you forget about being rich and snotty."

She paused for a moment, forgetting what she was about to say. "Hon. Nobody's ever called me Hon before. Or said that I was fun to talk to." She looked at him closely for the first time. He looked at a loss now that the friendly banter had stopped. His freckled face was poised with the remnants of a forgotten grin. His red hair hung in his face. He was wearing an old plaid shirt hanging open in front and a ripped pair of jeans. Hardly the clothes you would expect to find on a boy genius, she thought absent mindedly. He should be dressed more like Doogie Howser.

Catching her staring at him, Tom suddenly grinned and waggled an eyebrow at her. She started laughing again and this time he joined in.

"You really did create this business, didn't you?"

"That's what I said. An' let me tell you something, Hon," he said, getting serious. "No matter how much I fool around, I never lie."

"Oh God. I feel so stupid. I'm really sorry. It's just that... Well, you look so young and..."

"Incompetent. I know. I've heard it a million times," he sounded old and world weary. "Let's get started on those exercises," he said, now all business, the lighthearted mood broken. "We'll start with the front legs. Now, can you try and bend them. That's it. They're the same muscles you used to walk as a person. Good! Now the other one. Very good. Let's try that again. We need to strengthen those muscles before you can walk."

She grunted with the effort of it. What used to be a natural, almost involuntary movement was now painful torture just to try. She got the feeling that he was being kind when he said that she would only be there for weeks.



"Okay. Now let's try the other leg again." She strained and then fell back to the bed exhausted with the effort.

"Looks like we've got a little ways to go... OOOW!" Her tail had swished and caught him in the eye. "Maybe we should work on controlling those muscles first." He squinted at her. "That thing's dangerous."

"I know. It did that to me, too."

He suddenly turned on her. "You've got to stop thinking of it as an 'it'. It's part of you. This is *your* body and *your* tail now. And *you* chose for it to be that way. And it will *never* change! This is the way you will be for the *rest of your life!*" He was speaking slowly and loudly, pronouncing each syllable. "And you've got to start accepting that now because you chose this and you're stuck with it!"

He turned and stormed out of the room. "OOOOOH!" he fumed, throwing a book against the wall as hard as he could. "WHY? The first time I find anyone I'm attracted to and she's a spoiled rotten rich snob... AND HALF HORSE!! By my own hand! I just don't get it." He slumped against the wall next to the battered book. "I just don't get it."

"I wonder what's the matter with him?" Veronica said to herself, as he stormed out. "I knew all that. I mean there was no point to life the way it was. The only 'friends' or lovers I had were people who wanted my money. And Daddy... I know he loves me. But, he's busy. He doesn't have time for a daughter. The only 'people' who ever liked me for myself were my horses. And now I'm one of them. I made the right decision!" Then she slumped down, suddenly consumed with doubt for her future as sole member of a species which nature had never intended to exist. "Didn't I?" she asked in a weak voice, searching for confirmation that she had indeed made the right decision "Didn't I?"

Jenny Brandes



Mike Kadane

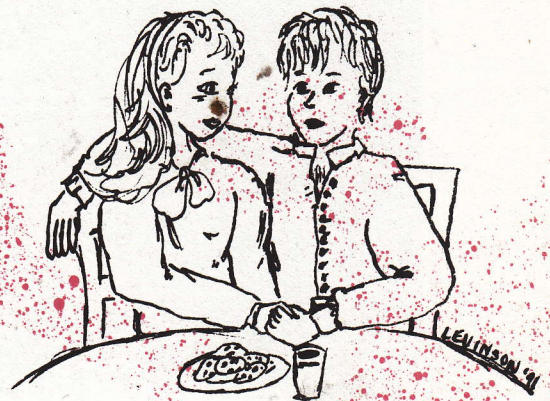


They sit  
across the kitchen table,  
holding hands,  
looking into each other's eyes  
You can almost see the sparks fly between them  
as my brother squeezes her hand  
They just sit there saying dumb things  
turning red  
and laughing  
Or sometimes he throws cookie crumbs  
into her mouth and she  
catches them with her tongue

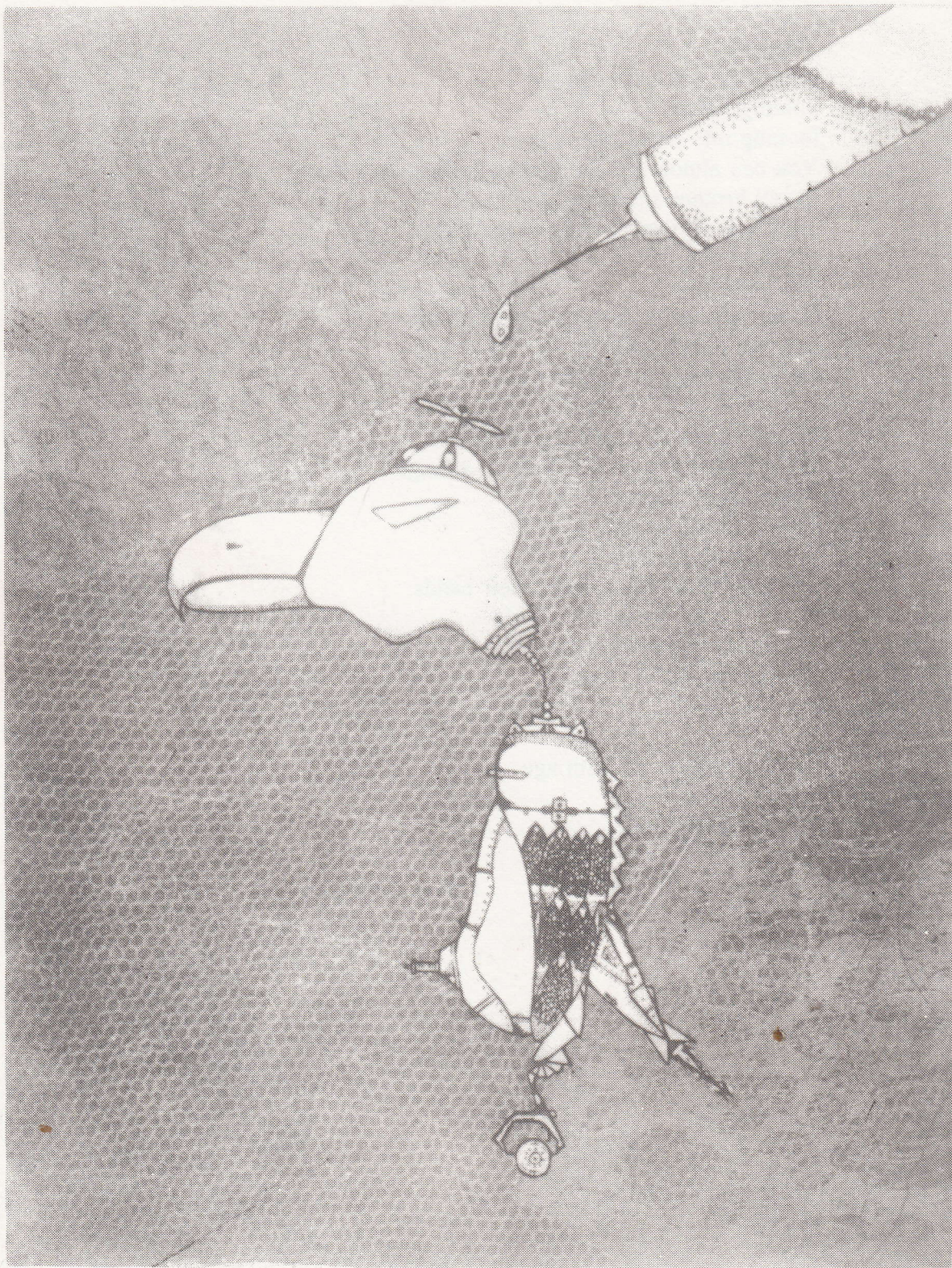
When I grow up, will I be like that?  
When I find a boy, will I act so strange?  
They just sit there,  
smile and act funny  
Will I wink at boys,  
and kiss them and squeeze their hands  
and sit across the kitchen table  
without saying anything,  
just staring at their eyes  
and smiling?

Maybe it has to do with age  
I don't know,  
but they call it love.

Joshua Penman







*Illustration by Paul Hirsch*



# Odd one out

I felt the cold needle against my skin. I took a large breath and closed my eyes. And I told myself over and over again that it would be through soon. All of my focus went right to the needle in my arm and I clutched the chair. I heard my mother, Anise, telling me that it would make me live longer, that I had to have hope. I thought about what she said through the first few needles and decided that I was sick of her telling me to have hope. That I would live longer. She just wouldn't admit that I was going to die. That I have AIDS.

After the doctors were done, I went in to school late. I opened the big, green, oak door and slipped in to discover that it was passing time. Three boys looked at me, pointed, whispered and started laughing wildly. I held my bag tight and kept on walking. I guess I was getting used to them making fun of me because this time, the tears didn't roll down my face, they just clung to my eyes, making vision very blurry. As I walked down the hall, all eyes were on me. They all stared and began giggling, as usual. I was wrong. I hadn't gotten used to them. As I rounded the corner, the tears went running down my cheeks. I wiped them away as soon as I saw Susana Martin come out of the Home Ec. room with her little group of friends walking behind her. They became a whispering frenzy. I gave them a weak smile and ran to the bathroom.

This was a regular day at school for me. Things had been this way since my blood transfusion in December.

The next day, I slowly opened my eyes and found myself all sweaty with my throat on fire. I went to the doctor and learned that I had pneumonia. My mother was still telling me to have faith, that I would pull through. For a while, I really didn't have any. But then I remembered the good things in life: my puppy Joe, the beach, my family, my best friend, Carol, and the days before my transfusion, when I was happy in school. I stopped there when I heard the phone ring.

It was my doctor calling back with the results of my blood tests for a bacterial infection. I listened to my mother's end of the conversation which was primarily "Oh yes, I see" and "Oh dear" until she hung up the phone and slowly walked over to me.

"Uh, Dr. Ross wants you to come to a special hospital today, and to stay there for a while. He's worried about you, honey."

I held my breath and looked down. "I have a last request, before I go to the hospital."

Suddenly she was a sobbing heap on my bed. Over the sobs she said "Of course, honey! Anything that you want!"

So, on that perfect sunny day, I picked lilacs, visited Carol, went to the beach with my puppy, and said goodbye to everyone at school. It was hard to walk in through those big green doors and face everyone again, and to let them see my pale, translucent flesh and my wheelchair, but I learned something from them.

If they don't understand, then they ridicule, so I explained to them why and how I contracted AIDS. Two months later, I still have hope. I still have my puppy, lilacs in my room, and Carol, but now I have about two hundred pen pals whom I have grown to love.

Chelsea Anderson



# If dreams came true

## (part II)

Caroline stood alone at the edge of the highway, the cold fluorescent lights casting long, purple shadows along the asphalt. A cold wind blew through her, and she pulled her coat closer to her body. It dawned on her that she had no idea where to go from here. In her impulsive rush from her house she had neglected to make any plans for the future. She did not regret her flight, but she wished she had some recourse, some plan to at least get her started. The only definite thing in her life was her home, but she would never go back there.

Then with a start she realized she *could* not go back, at least not that night. She did not think she could find her way back without the aid of daylight. So she was stuck here all night. No, she thought, I'm stuck here for the rest of my life. I wouldn't go back if I had a chauffeured limo to take me.

But if she wasn't going to go home, she had to go somewhere. Just about anyplace was preferable to the darkness and eerie purple light of the highway. She'd have to hitch a ride. Now let's see, she thought, you hold your thumb out like this, or is it like this... or like this? She didn't have the vaguest idea of the right way to signal that she wanted a ride. So she simply ran after every car she saw, leaning as close as possible to the windows of the ones that passed her side of the highway, yelling, "Hey! Hey, can you give me a ride... Hey? Help?" She got a lot of honks and a few shouts of "Whatta you doin', trying to get yourself killed?", but no rides. After about an hour, she was close to giving up. Then she saw it.

All the cars she had seen before had been plain and square shaped, most of them gray or blue, some black or red. But as she gazed down the highway, staring off into the distance, she saw what at first appeared to be a bright light. Then she heard shouts and cheers. As it came closer, she realized that it was a large pink convertible. It was probably the biggest car she had ever seen, and it was completely filled with people. Loud music was blaring out of it, but she figured there were so many people in the car, one of them might hear her. Before she even started shouting, the car screeched to a halt next to her.

"Hey! Wanna ride?" one person shouted. Caroline nodded. "Well, come on in! There's plenty of room!" She squeezed in. There was actually not that much room, which was not surprising considering that there were about ten people in a car probably meant for about six. But she was glad for a ride anywhere. At this point, she would have gladly hopped in a covered wagon.

Not only was the car full of people, but it was also filled with piles of trash heaped up on every flat surface. Everywhere Caroline looked she saw a beer can, some empty, some full. Every few minutes one of the people in the car would grab a can and take a drink. As the driver of the car reached across to get a can, a girl with long, straight blond hair, dressed all in hot pink spandex, yelled to Caroline, "So, where ya headed?"

"Anywhere," she replied indifferently. "What about you?"

"We're on our way to New York City! Great times are in our future!" There were cheers from a few of the people in the car. A minute later another person turned to Caroline and asked "So, how old are you, anyway?"

"I'm, uh, eighteen," Caroline said, then followed this quickly with, "I really am, honest."

The girl with the blond hair began to laugh. "Relax," she said. "Around here, if you say you're eighteen, you're eighteen." She grabbed a beer can and took a drink. Caroline noticed that they were driving very fast.

"What are you going to do when you get to New York?" Caroline asked.

The driver of the car turned around and looked at her. "Once we hit the Big Apple the world is at our feet. What do you think of that?" What Caroline thought was that she wished he would look where he was driving, but she didn't want to be rude.



A girl with permed brown hair in a red minidress explained further. "We've got a job all lined up at one of the hottest spots in the city. Sleep all day, party all night, every once and a while serve some drinks to the paying customers..." She giggled. "Want us to see if we could get a job there for you?"

"Yeah, hey," the blond girl laughed. "If she can pass for eighteen she could pass for twenty-one. Sure, why not. They're dying for new people."

A man with long, messy brown hair and a beard turned around. "Oh come on. Eighteen's one thing, but there's no way--Twenty-one?"

"Why not twenty-one? We can get her a fake ID, no problem, and with a little makeup, twenty-one's no problem. Hey, why not twenty-two?"

The girl in the red minidress giggled. "Or twenty-three?"

The man with the beard snorted. "Oh, sure. Why not thirty-five. Fifty! Hey, why not!"

While they argued, Caroline just sat there trying to get it all together. Things were going very quickly. Just over an hour ago she had been sitting in her aunt's parlor, and now she was speeding down the highway in a pink convertible with a bunch of strangers on her way to New York City, where she could possibly find herself working in some club, pretending she was twenty-one. It was all a bit strange, and some intuition told her that these people were not the type to trust when about to make a serious, life-altering decision.

On the other hand, they certainly seemed positive that it was a great life they were headed for. And she didn't have much choice. She had no idea where she was. And if she gave up this ride, she would be unlikely to get another one before daylight. Even if she did, the drivers would only be able to take her someplace, not get her set up there. Where she was seemed to be the best place at the moment.

A few hours later, the commotion in the car began to die down. Some of the people had fallen asleep and even the driver had begun looking quite sleepy. Caroline was very tired. After her decision to stay where she was, she had decided that she might as well have a good time. So she had done her best to smile and be lively, and after a while had even joined in singing some of the songs on the radio. But the party seemed to be winding down, and she was afraid that the driver would fall asleep right there at the wheel. So she proposed they call it a night. Her suggestion was met with a few weak cheers. The driver pulled over to the side of the highway.

"So, where do you guys sleep?" she asked.

"Right here!" replied one of them.

"In the car?" Caroline was not thrilled at the prospect of sleeping in the car with ten other people.

"Yeah, right here in the Pink Motel. What were you expecting, a Sheraton to pop up out of nowhere?" Caroline shook her head. She felt a quick pang as an image of her room at home floated into her mind, but she pushed it away. Sinking down into the stained pink plush, she gave a deep sigh. In a few minutes, she had fallen into a dreamless sleep.

Back at her house, Myra was faced with a dilemma. At first she had been more than happy to see Caroline go. I really thought we were getting somewhere, she thought. Then she sassed me like that... Good riddance to bad rubbish. Anyway, she'll be back. She'll be back as soon as she sees there's nowhere for her to go. Just a couple of minutes, maybe an hour. And what if she doesn't? Then I'm free, free, finally free... But of course she'll come back... Myra was not panicked at first. But as the hours passed she became concerned. At first she denied the pangs of worry in her stomach that soon spun cocoons and grew into full-fledged butterflies. Where is she, she thought. What could she be doing? An argument developed within her.

She's fine, thought one side of her. She can take care of herself.

Oh yeah sure, argued the other side, she can't even wash dishes.

I did my best with her. After all I did for her, she didn't have a speck of gratitude. She just runs away. I did all I could. She doesn't deserve any more. She was always a hopeless case. I fulfilled my



promise, I did my best for her.

What would Matt think if he could see you? Would he think you were fulfilling your promise?

Myra cursed the side of her that had recalled her promise to her husband on his deathbed. His final request to her was that she take care of Caroline, then just an infant. And she had. She had done it her way, which might have been a little different from Matt's way, but she had done it. She had done it, and the brat had still run away. Now she was off the hook.

Or was she?

All night she battled with herself. Almost all of her was rejoicing at this opportunity to drop the yoke that had held her down for fifteen years, to finally be free from the burden she had so often cursed.

But there was one tiny part of her that refused to think of Caroline as nothing but a burden, an object. One annoying little part of her that kept thinking of her husband's face as he asked her to take care of the baby he had grown to love, wondering if this was really what he had meant. Wondering if her could see her now. One quiet yet insistent voice that would not let her go to sleep.

And, as the sun rose and the day began, it was that part of her that walked over to the phone and dialed the Missing Persons department.

It was noon before the inhabitants of the car awoke. Everyone except Caroline was complaining of splitting headaches. But despite the fact that none of them seemed really refreshed, they were on their way by 12:30. And by 1:00, after each person had several beers, they were their normal selves again. Caroline was feeling more and more comfortable with these people. Although she had turned down several invitations to take a beer, she joined them in every other respect. When the girl with the blond hair spilled some wine cooler all over her as the car hit a bump, Caroline didn't think it was really *funny*, but when she saw everyone else laughing hysterically the mood had caught her too, and soon she was laughing as hard as the rest of them. She was not sure why they were all cracking up, but it felt good to laugh, really laugh. And she joined them in a loud, out-of-tune rendition of "Fight for your Right to Party" when the song came on the radio. But after the song ended, and she collapsed back against the seat of the car, out of breath from singing at the top of her lungs and laughing harder than she ever had before, she noticed once again that they were going very, very fast. She leaned over and was about to tap the driver on the shoulder and ask him if he could drive just a little slower, when she saw a large puddle of oil in the middle of the road. "Look out!" she cried, but it was too late. Everybody in the car screamed as the driver lost control and the car spun around, then crashed into the side of the highway.

Myra was exhausted. All day she had dealt with the policemen who drove over to get a description of Caroline. All day she had answered their endless questions. Height. Weight. Can we see a picture of her? What was she wearing when you last saw her? Which way did she run? Did it seem like she was heading for the highway? Do you know why she would have left? Et cetera, et cetera, et cetera. And there was no turning back now. Once she made that phone call, she was tied to this exhausting business until it was finished. There was no way out. What was she supposed to say? "No, that's okay, I changed my mind, I don't really want her back after all?" No, she had to pretend to be the anguished parent when actually there was a part of her that was hoping they wouldn't find Caroline at all. But finally, they were gone. She had left the door unlocked in case they wanted to come back, but she didn't think they would return for at least a few hours. Now she could get some rest. She was feeling very tired, and slightly dizzy. Well, it had been a long, hot day. She went into her bedroom and lay down on her bed. A minute later she reached for the phone, dialed her doctor's number, and told him to come over as soon as possible. The dizziness had gotten worse, and she was feeling really sick. She hung up the phone, then fell back onto the bed. When the police came by a few hours later, the doctor was waiting there. "I have some bad news," he said.



After a minute the stunned silence in the car was broken by Caroline's "Is everybody okay?" She was afraid of what she might hear. But to her surprise, everybody seemed to be unhurt. The girl in the red dress stood up shakily.

"Okay. Roll call. When I call your name, tell me if you've injured anything. Wendy?"

"I'm okay," said the blond girl.

"Bryan?"

The man with the long brown hair groaned. "I'm fine. A little shocked, but fine."

"I told you we should have been driving slower," muttered a girl whose hair was dyed bright red.

"Shut up, Ariadne. Shelley?"

"I'm fine," she replied. "What about the kid?"

"Oh yeah. Hey, you...I don't know your name...are you okay?"

"I'm fine...I think," said Caroline.

"Good."

"I think we're all okay," said a man with a blond ponytail. Suddenly they heard a moan from a girl with short, spiky blond hair.

"Annette, what's wrong? Are you hurt?" asked Shelly.

"Look around." Annette was almost in tears. "Look at the Pink Flamingo." They all got out and looked at the car.

"Holy..." Bryan groaned.

The car was a wreck. There was a big dent in one side where the car had hit a tree. One of the headlights had fallen out. The whole front of the car was smashed in. The license plate, which Caroline could see said PARTY!, was hanging limply, about to fall off. The perfect pink paint job was ruined. The car was hardly a shadow of its former glory. Shelley got back into the car and tried to start the ignition. Nothing. She got back out.

"I'm sorry, guys," she said. "But I think the Pink Flamingo has taken its final journey."

There was a moment of silence as they stood in front of the once glorious Flamingo. Caroline saw a tear running down Ariadne's cheek. Wendy and Shelley began to cry quietly. Annette just stood there staring brokenly at the car. Suddenly she ran forward and flung herself across the hood.

"It's okay, Pinky," she sobbed. "We love you anyway."

Bryan moved closer to Caroline. "She's taking this very hard," he whispered to her. "The Flamingo was originally her car, and she's always been even more attached to it than the rest of us."

Caroline was begining to feel like she was standing in the middle of an outdoor lunatic asylum. "How are we going to get out of here?" she said.

There was silence as they pondered this question. "I guess we could try to hitch a ride," said the man with the blond ponytail.

"But what would we do with the Pink Flamingo?" asked Wendy.

"I guess we would have to leave it behind," he said hesitantly.

"What?!" shrieked Annete. "How can you say that?! How can you even suggest that, after all Pinky's done for us?!"

"I was just--" he started weakly, but he was quickly cut off.

"Pinky's been more than just our car. It's been our home. It's been our own little dance club. It was our ticket to freedom. And it was more than that. The Pink Flamingo was a *friend*. And if you leave Pinky behind, you have to leave me, too."

There was a pause. A minute later they heard a police siren coming closer.

"Uh-oh. The cops," said Wendy.

"Uh-oh. Now whadda we do?" asked the man with the blond ponytail.

"Let's get out of here!" Bryan said.

"NOT WITHOUT PINKY!" shrieked Annette.







"Wait a minute," said Caroline. "Maybe they can help us."

They thought about this for a minute.

"Here they come," cried Ariadne. The car pulled up next to them. A policeman got out.

"Is everybody okay here?" he asked. "Anybody hurt?"

"No, we're all fine," said Shelley.

"But--but--" sobbed Annette, gesturing toward the ruined car.

"Wait a minute." The policeman stared at Caroline. "What's your name, little girl?"

"I--I don't have one," she said. If she had no past, she had no name. But when the policeman took out a photo of her, she knew the game was up.

"Come on, Caroline." He led her into the car.

"Bye, Caroline! Goodbye, kid! Nice having you along!" The members of the Pink Flamingo gang waved goodbye to Caroline as the police car drove away. Even Annette was able to smile as she said farewell, although as soon as the police car was out of sight she fell on top of the remains of her beloved Pink Flamingo.

Caroline sat miserably in the front seat of the police car. She couldn't believe her adventure, her newfound freedom, was finished. She grew more and more frightened as she pictured her aunt's angry face, the punishments that would follow her return. Finally her emotions burst out of her.

"Please don't make me go back home! My aunt is going to kill me! She'll get so mad--she'll kill me! Don't make me go back there, please! She'll be so angry...." Her voice trailed off when she saw the policeman's face.

"Caroline," he said gravely, "I have something I have to tell you."

"Ashes to ashes, and dust to dust." Three days later Caroline sat quietly at her aunt's funeral. She was still as a stone, not moving, not smiling or crying. Simply sitting straight as an arrow in her black dress. Everything from her silence--she had said hardly anything since the police officer had told her about her aunt's stroke--to her motionless pose to the expression on her face, suggested that she was frozen solid. She felt completely numb. Glancing around the church, she noticed details without really taking them in: the ferns and the carnations, the minister in his black robes. Her eyes finally came to rest on the coffin. It was a smooth, wooden box, and her aunt was inside it. Caroline could not quite comprehend this. The woman she had lived with all her life was now just an empty body, drained of all its force and anger. The Myra she knew had disappeared. She tore her eyes away from the coffin and they landed on a figure wearing a black hat, with a black veil covering her face. With a dull shock she realized that this was Diane, the woman she had seen in her dream. She felt a trickle of the familiar warmth that the woman usually inspired, but it immediately froze up, unable to withstand the coldness of its surroundings.

A few minutes later they exited the church. Caroline was led out by Myra's lawyer. He had taken a fancy to the girl. He couldn't help but wonder what her life was like, and what had prompted her to run away. But it was no use talking to her now, he could see that. She had hardly said one word to him since they met. Silently they walked away from the church to the burial site. As they approached the cemetery she suddenly turned to him.

"What's going to happen to me now?" she asked.

"Well," he said, "your aunt--well, you know, she was a very forgetful person sometimes, and this will was very old..."

"What is it?" Caroline said tiredly.

"Well, Myra didn't specify exactly...the legal process is very complicated and she probably didn't know--" He saw Caroline staring at him. "Myra didn't exactly mention you in her will. She didn't leave you any money, and she didn't mention what should happen to you should she pass away. Of course I'm sure she didn't anticipate that she would--enter into eternal rest while you were still..." He trailed



off when he saw her eyes on him again. She saw right through it, he could tell. She did not seem particularly surprised that her aunt had not bothered to make sure her niece was taken care of. Once again, he wondered what her life had been like with that woman.

"So what's going to happen to me?" she asked again.

"Well, under ordinary circumstances, since we are at the moment unable to locate your natural mother, you would be sent to a foster home. However, your cousin Diane has offered to legally adopt you. I'm sure you'll be very happy with her. I've only met her a few times but she seems to be a remarkable woman."

Caroline was silent. So it had happened. The beautiful figure in her dream had really come for her, just like she had wanted. But she hadn't wanted it to happen like this! Nonetheless, whether she wanted it or not, this was how it was. When they got to the burial site Diane was standing there. She turned to the lawyer, and quietly asked "Did you tell her?" The lawyer nodded. Diane walked up to Caroline. "Hello," she said. "I'm your cousin Diane." Caroline nodded. Slowly, the three of them walked up to the edge of the burial site. The coffin was lowered into the ground and the minister covered it with dirt. Caroline took one long last look at the site and then the three of them turned and walked off slowly. When they reached Diane's car the lawyer said goodbye to them and got into his own car. Diane got into the driver's seat and Caroline in the other front seat. They drove in silence for a few seconds. Then Diane quietly reached across and took Caroline's hand. Caroline felt that same familiar sense of love and compassion. At the moment she was unable to return it. But deep down inside she felt something changing. In the same way she had felt something breaking the day she ran away, now she felt something small beginning to heal. Something inside of her that had been torn for a long, long time. It was a beginning.

Elizabeth Nickrenz







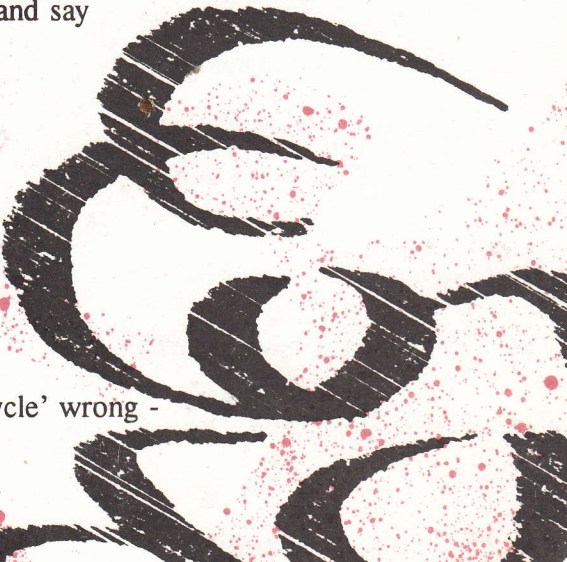
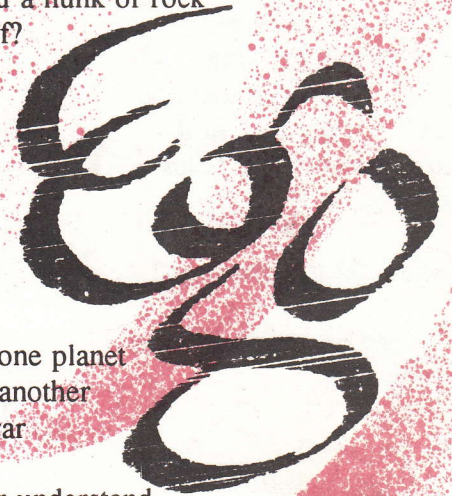
## 1. Inside

how can i explain  
x-plain? x is not  
plain  
it is meaningless  
explain how i feel  
why i  
why not u  
if one person  
is only worthy of  
a single letter  
why is the other  
worthy of three?  
(or vice versa)  
did you ever stop to think  
that the only thing that holds  
the human mind in high regard  
is the human mind itself  
why  
why make y & u  
into why and you  
why take simple letters  
and make them complicated?  
people make everything  
complicated  
and in doing so  
we avoid simple things  
that are infinitely superior  
what is the purpose of  
an infinity  
if no-one will ever count up to it  
if a child asks you  
why  
then you should say  
"there is no biggest number  
it doesn't exist  
why? i don't know why"  
**ADMIT YOUR IGNORANCE**  
don't be ashamed  
nobody's perfect  
nobody knows everything  
because there is no need  
for one person to know  
everything

## 2. Outside

why do we try to move ahead?  
why do we "progress"?  
every thrust forward  
just pushes us back  
we can truly rule the world  
if we let the world govern us  
if we can work together  
we and the earth  
must help each other  
but we refuse the earth's help  
we are scornful - how could a hunk of rock  
help mankind to better itself?  
we can hurt as well as help  
and the world can too  
so as we destroy the earth  
the earth destroys us  
how can we move  
to other worlds  
if we can't come to terms  
with this one?  
we must have a truce with one planet  
before we start a war with another  
and we will start another war  
not make peace  
because we don't know - or understand -  
the true meaning of  
"world peace"  
i may want my idea of peace  
you may want your idea of peace  
everyone wants his or her own idea of  
peace  
but all these ideas are different  
and who does anything about it?  
not the president  
not do-good groups  
not people who sit around and say  
"maybe tomorrow  
we'll do... something  
about this situation"  
it's you  
it's me  
we make the difference  
i heard a girl the other day  
she said  
"do you think they actually  
recycle "  
(she even pronounced 'recycle' wrong -  
such an uneducated world)

Rose Platt





the styrofoam plates  
we leave on the table outside  
or do they just  
throw them away  
into the Buck's Rock Personal Landfill?"  
she took a plate and got in line  
i took one too  
wondering  
are we just being taken in?

where do the plates go?

do we use them again?  
i poke holes in mine  
but i've never gotten one  
with holes poked in it  
or patches where holes  
used to be

where do the plates go?

do they become labels on  
Coke  
or Pepsi  
or ginger ale  
or Snapple bottles?

where do the plates go?

i heard that the company  
who "recycles" the plates just doesn't  
bother with us anymore  
we don't give them enough  
to make it worthwhile  
can't they see that  
every little bit counts?  
don't they understand?

where do the plates go?

where is the earth going?

why does it have to go?

does it have to go?



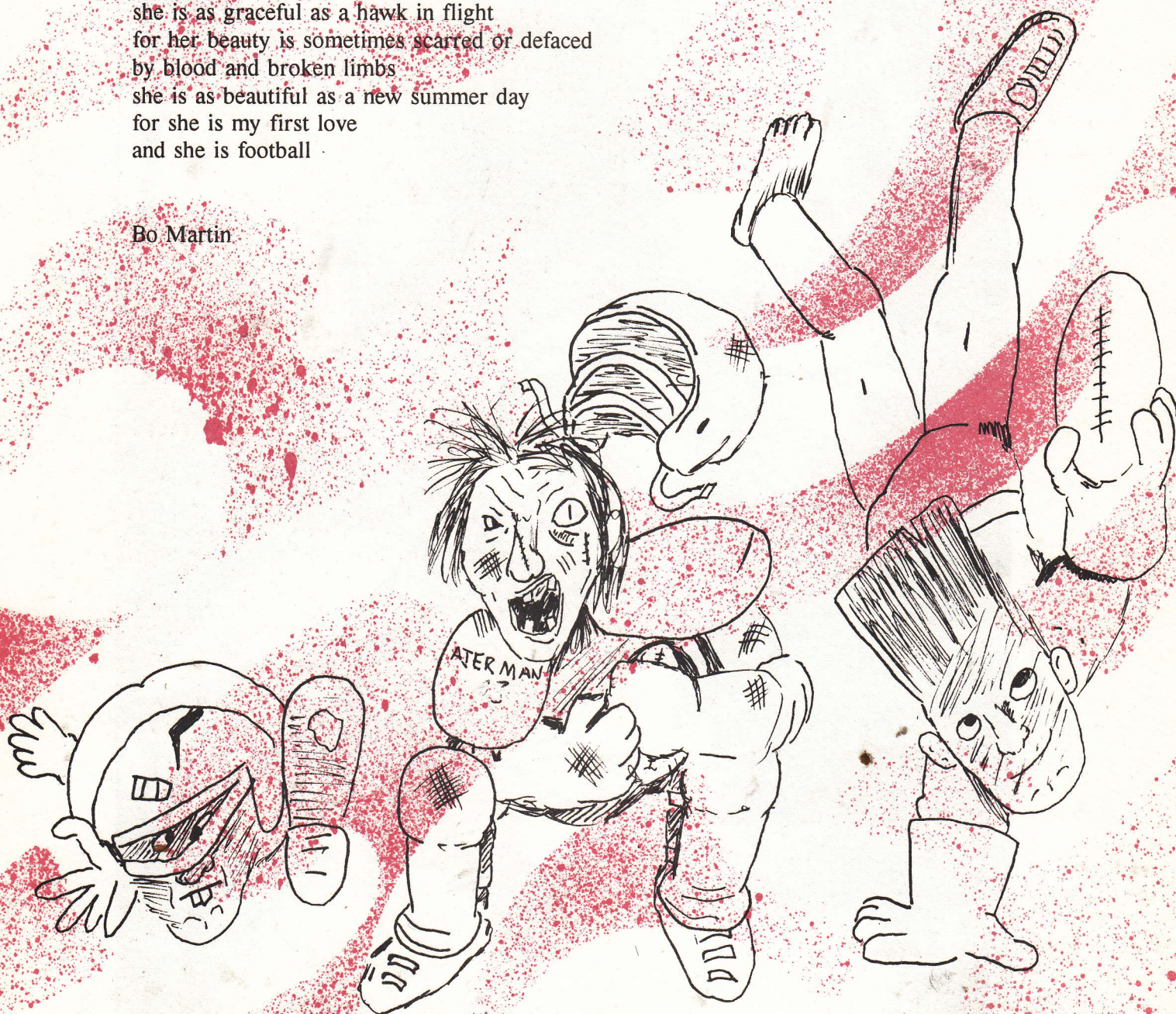
Barbie LeGère



# To my first love

for she is to love  
as she flaunts her twenty-two men  
she is as graceful as a hawk in flight  
for her beauty is sometimes scarred or defaced  
by blood and broken limbs  
she is as beautiful as a new summer day  
for she is my first love  
and she is football

Bo Martin







*Photo by Daniel Waljsh*



# The death of a tree

Crying, screaming out,  
As its bark is cut  
Savagely by the saw.  
Pain slices the air,  
As it whimpers  
At its misfortune.  
Its wailing voice,  
Too high and thin  
For human ears,  
Who only hear the obvious,  
And seeing their gain,  
Skip over others' anguish.  
The tree grinds its branches  
And swerves its limbs  
In awkward, fluxuating movements.  
It is dying at the mercy  
Of the saw's teeth,  
And the grinding  
Of the men's arms  
As they push the tool into  
The mahogany flesh.  
As the tree is bitten by  
The last sharp jerk  
Of the men,  
It falls heavily;  
Sending a forever-echoing shudder  
Through the earth.

She knows the tree's sorrow,  
Having been cut herself  
With metal beams,  
And skyscrapers.  
She sympathizes and hugs the tree  
With all her motherly strength,  
As the sky splatters salty tears,  
And softly coats its bark.  
The humans just walk on,  
Joking among themselves,  
Cursing the rain.  
One plants a grimy foot  
On the tree's bark,  
Pushing it into the earth.  
He feels no respect  
For the majestic death  
He has witnessed.  
The men move on  
Towards their next victim,  
Who sighs sadly,  
With faint cries  
That would touch the men  
To tears,  
If only they knew  
How to listen.



# Bauble

1

Looking around her, Remaran saw no one. Nothing moved, save the wildbeast that was her mode of travel. Remaran was alone on the plain. The thought of being alone somehow frightened her, though logically, it should have done the opposite. She wished she would find her father, and she already missed her mother's caring heart and wise advice. Remaran huddled inside the blanket; it yielded so little warmth. Then she had the strange feeling again, a warning of imminent danger.

She turned and looked about. The land was silent, as before. But now it was a foreboding quiet. Remaran sat up in her bedroll and listened. Faintly, and then louder, she heard hoofbeats. Panicking, she hastily gathered her few things and sprang upon the back of her wildbeast. In her hurry, she failed to notice the spherelike object roll out of her satchel.

2

The circus folk made their way around the smoldering campfire cautiously. They did not know whose hands had kindled that fire, nor did they understand the reasoning behind the figure's strange departure. Disregarding such thoughts, the travelers settled around the fire for the night.

Twenty-year-old Atherion had prepared his sleeping mat far away from the others, hoping for some privacy. He laid down to sleep and felt something poking him in the back. Turning over, he found a mysterious orb instead of the expected rock. Deciding that it was a mindless toy lost by some small child, he put it into his knapsack and went to sleep.

3

Remaran was about twenty-five kilometers from her previous campsite when she realized that Bauble was gone. Pain ran through her body at the thought. Bauble was her only link to the past and her father. Remaran was upset, but she forced herself to unpack some bedding and lie down. Tiny tears streaked down her face, a memorial to her father. Slowly, she drifted off into a restless, dreamful, sleep.

*She found the most respected scientist on Othania bent over his desk, as usual, engrossed in his work. "Dad? Dinner's ready."*

*"Huh? What're we having?"*

*"Roast sacayuntu. Oh, and fresh trayunara with Mom's special sauce."*

*"Sounds delicious. Remmie, I have something for you." He took a small round object from his desk. "It's called Bauble. I want you to take good care of it. Promise?"*

*"Sure daddy."*

*"Good. So, let's go have some of that roast sacayuntu."*

*"Let's." Remaran giggled, and father and daughter left hand in hand.*

4

"Boss, I can't find her," reported Farchim from his station in the main control room.



"Well, keep looking!" Trachik, leader of the Northern Quinans, paced restlessly back and forth. "We must get our hands on that thing!"

"I think I have something. The comgar is picking up traces of power typical to Bauble. Coming from the southwest sector of the plain," Birchir relayed.

"Perfect! Set a course towards the southwest sector. Contact me in my quarters when we are within ten kilometers of the power spurts."

"Yes sir."

Trachik retired to his chambers and sat down at his desk, contemplating the stack of papers before him. "I do not have the patience for this!" he muttered. Logging on his computer, he typed in a single word; Bauble. The screen blinked and then printed,

Access to this file is restricted. You do not have the necessary clearance.

Trachik cursed and turned off the computer. "Why can't those nitwits at headquarters get it through their heads that I am not a bumbling fool!"

5

The circus woke at dawn. They broke camp and headed for a small town known as Trindleton. After a week there, they would be moving on to the big city, Labodin.

They arrived at Trindleton around noon. The mess tent was set up, and the cook began to prepare lunch. Meanwhile, Atherion and some of the others were struggling with the near impossible task of preparing the Big Top.

"Can I get some help with this peg?" shouted Fechiq.

"One sec, let me just... there, done." Atherion headed towards his friend. "What's wrong? Aha! I see the problem. You just turn this a little to the left... then push it forward... a little to the right... all fixed!"

"Thanks Atherion. You sure have a knack for mechanical things. If you ever got tired of the trapeze, you could always travel with the circus as a mechanic!" Fechiq joked.

Atherion took the round object he had found the night before out of his pocket. "Any idea whose this is?" he asked Fechiq.

"Nope. Looks like it belongs to one of the little kids. Ask Sherra, she's got daycare duty this month."

"Thanks. See you later." Atherion walked towards the wagon temporarily being used for daycare. As he grew closer, Atherion saw Sherra looking out of the wagon.

"Hey Atherion! What brings you to this neck of the campsite?"

"Hi Sherra. I found this ball last night, and I think it might belong to one of the kids."

"Come on inside and I'll ask," Atherion followed Sherra into the wagon. She asked the children, but none of them seemed to recognize it. She returned the trinket to him and he left. Then Atherion heard Sherra's voice calling his name. He turned around.

"Want to meet me for lunch in half an hour?" Sherra asked.

"Sure." Atherion grinned and then left, again.

6

"Sir, we are now within ten kilometers of the readings."

"Scan the area for life signs. I'm on my way." Trachik left his room and headed up the stairs to the main control room.

Life signs negative sir. But there are signs of a campfire and wildbeasts."



"Estimated number of wildbeasts?"

"Hard to tell sir. However, there is evidence of at least twenty, probably more.

"Are we still picking up those traces of power?"

"No sir."

"Increase radius to fifty kilometers."

"We are now picking up slight traces of power towards the northern edge of our scan."

"Increase to seventy-five kilometers."

"Sir, we've picked up a definite trail, heading towards Trindleton."

"Plot a course for Trindleton. Gabbol, call headquarters, Commander Rchtfila on my office communicator." Trachik went next door into his office without waiting for an answer.

"Hello Trachik. What is it this time?"

"Hello sir. We've picked up her trail. She seems to be headed towards Trindleton."

"Very good, very good. Do you need backup?"

"No sir, we can manage for the time being."

"Is there anything else?"

"Yes sir. Request access to restricted file 'Bauble'."

"Access granted. I will notify the proper authorities within the next four hours."

"Thank you sir. Trachik out." Trachik turned off the communicator and smiled.

7

Remaran woke up later than she had intended. She stretched and yawned, at peace with the world; she would find her father and everything would be all right. Then she remembered. Bauble was missing! "I guess I'll have to go back for it. It'll set me back, but I wouldn't have the heart to go on without Bauble." Remaran mounted her wildbeast and rode to her campsite.

8

Atherion walked into the mess tent and looked for Sherra. He spotted her wild print shirt almost immediately, and walked over to her.

"So, you finally got here. Are you aware that you're fifteen minutes late?"

"Look, I'm really sorry, but we were setting up one of the sideshow tents and then there was a problem and it took forever to fix and I realize that I'm babbling so would you please accept my apology so that I can sit down?"

"Apology accepted." Atherion sat down next to her on the bench. "Try some of cook's 'Stew Surprise'."

"Ugh. Sounds deadly."

"It's not too bad. Oh, I had an idea about who owns that bauble you had before. You said you found it last night, right?" Atherion nodded. "Well, did you know that as we rode up to our campsite, someone was leaving?"

"Really? That's weird."

"Well, whoever was there could've dropped it."

"Maybe. Thanks. You've got a point there."

9

"Sir, we are picking up signs of a life form. Bio scans match those of Remaran." Upon hearing this, Trachik left his office and entered the main control room.



"Koby, I want you and Birch to capture Remar. Give her a knockout drug and put her in cell three. Search her belongings for Bauble. Bring her to my office when she awakens."

"Yes sir." Trachik went next door and logged onto the computer there. He typed in "Bauble" and this time was admitted to the file.

**Bauble** - Warning : Information on this subject is limited. Hygralmin, a computer scientist working for Sertarware, developed a special super-computer. He gave the computer the code name "Bauble". The ramifications of this invention were such that Bauble signified a great danger in the hands of Hygralmin. In order to remove this danger we went to Hygralmin's lab and took him prisoner. After searching the lab for Bauble, to no avail, we set it up to explode. He is now a prisoner on the ship *Revlis*, captained by Trachik, leader of the Northern Quinans.

We are presently tracking his daughter Remar who is believed to have Bauble in her possession. The computer looks like a small round ball, and can easily be mistaken for a toy.

Trachik then typed in "Remar." The screen blipped and printed, Bad command or file name.

Trachik turned off the computer and sighed. "What happened to good old paperwork? I hate all this electric stuff!"

10

Remar walked beside her wildbeast, searching for Bauble around the remains of her campfire. Suddenly she heard footsteps behind her. She whirled around to face her pursuer, and thought, "What happened to my warning sense?" Then everything went blank.

\* \* \*

She woke up in a small cell, hands and feet tied. "Where am I?"

"Hi princess."

"Daddy?"

"It's me hon."

"I knew you were alive! Mom thought you were killed in the explosion, but I knew better. Where are we?"

"We're on a carravanna called *Revlis*."

"Why?"

"They want Bauble."

"Well, I don't have it."

"Where is it?"

"I don't know, I lost it. But Daddy..."

"I hear someone coming. Shush." Koby entered the cell and untied Remar's feet.

"So, you're awake. Come with me." Koby guided Remar up a large staircase.

"Where are you taking me?" she asked.

"Be quiet." They continued up the stairs in silence until they reached a small door.

Koby opened the door and pushed Remar in before him. "Trachik, sir, here is the prisoner."





*Photo by Zack Brown*



"Thank you Kobya. You may go now." Trachik focused his steady gaze on the young girl standing before him. "Well, won't you sit down?" he asked in mock politeness.

"What do you want with me and my father?" she replied, still standing.

"Bauble, just Bauble."

"I don't have it, and neither does he. Why are you holding us here?"

"What did you do with Bauble?"

"I lost it. What do you want with it anyway? It's only a toy. It's only value is sentimental."

"Where did you lose Bauble?" Remaran shrugged, puzzled by his questions. Trachik turned on his communicator. "Kobyas, return the prisoner to cell three."

11

Atherion went back to work after a pleasant lunch with Sherra. When they were finished setting up, he went to the small tent he shared with Fechiq to relax and get some rest before the evening performance. As he changed out of his sweaty work clothes he took out the sphere and turned it over and over in his hand, mesmerized by the way the light bounced off the surface. All of a sudden the sphere glowed bright red. "Blazing Polaris! C'mere Fechiq, look at this!"

"What's going on?"

"I don't know. But I'm not sure I like it." Just as suddenly, the orb went back to its usual gleaming white.

"Maybe it just caught the reflection of Polaris as you moved it?"

"Probably." Fechiq seemed satisfied with this solution, but Atherion wasn't so sure.

Putting his troubled mind aside, he laid down to rest before showtime.

*Atherion.*

*"Who are you?"*

*I am Bauble.*

*"Huh?"*

*Bauble. That is my code name.*

*"What are you?"*

*I am the "toy" you found last night. Actually, I am a computer.*

*"A machine? How can you talk to me? And why didn't you say anything earlier?"*

*I am a special type of computer. You would not understand the technical aspects of my workings. I was not able to "talk" to you earlier because your mind was not open to me. Only in your sleep could I break through the path of least resistance.*

*"What do you want with me?"*

*You must help me save Hygralmin and Remaran.*

*"Who?"*

*My master and his daughter. They have been captured by the Quinans, a group that wishes to use me to develop weapon technology.*

*"But that will turn Othania into a different planet! A cruel world!"*

*Yes. They must be stopped. Will you help me?*

*"I'll do anything I can. What do you need me to do?"*

*Soon, there will be a carravanna landing. They will search the entire circus for me. While they are here, we must sneak onto their ship and get to cell three.*

*"Is that where Remaran and Hygralmin are? And how?"*



*Open your mind to me every so often, and I will give you instructions.*

*"I don't know if I can do it."*

*I have faith in you Atherion. Finish your rest now. You will need your strength for what is to come. Thank you.*

*"You're welcome."*

12

"Trachik sir, we have just entered Trindleton."

"Splendid. Contact our branch here. Tell them to get the names and addresses of all parties who have entered Trindleton in the last two days."

"Yes sir. We should have their whereabouts in half an hour."

"Good work. Are the prisoners safely locked up?"

"Yes sir." Trachik surveyed his officers working hard to make him famous.

13

Atherion woke and groggily stared at Fechiq's hand shaking him. "Atherion, you'd better wake up. The Ringmaster wants to see everyone in the Big Top in five minutes."

"Coming, coming." Atherion got out of bed and struggled over to the washstand. He splashed some cold water on his face and looked in the mirror. Then he remembered the strange "conversation" in his dream. He tried to make his mind go blank.

*"Bauble?"*

*Atherion, are you ready?*

*"I guess so... what should I do?"*

*Go to the carravanna you will see in the distance. Then blank your mind.*

Atherion turned to Fechiq. "Tell the Ringmaster I'll be right there."

"Okay. See you in a few." Fechiq left and Atherion picked up Bauble. He left the tent and immediately spotted the carravanna. When he reached it, he opened his mind to Bauble.

*"Bauble? What do you want me to do now?"*

*Go around the carravanna, but keep your mind open to me. If we meet anyone, I'll do the talking. My words will come out of your mouth.*

Atherion, following Bauble's instruction, rounded the corner... and bumped right into a uniformed officer. The badge on his lapel said *Revlis*.

*"Bauble! Help me!"*

*Calm down and relax.*

Atherion felt his hand go up in a salute, as if he no longer controlled the movements of his own body. The officer nodded and saluted in return, then passed by with no comment. Then Atherion looked down. His clothing! It had changed! Somehow he was wearing a uniform identical to the officer's... did Bauble do this?



*Yes I did. Now please be quiet. I'm trying to contact Hygralmin.*

*"Sorry."*

*It's okay. I'm almost finished. Listen carefully. I may have to leave you, to protect Hygralmin and Remaran.*

*"But..."*

*Your name, for all purposes in the near future, is Kobya. If anyone asks, you are following orders from Trachik, to escort the prisoners to him. Kobya is a real Othanian. He is now knocked out. He will not awaken for three days. By then this should be well over. Your features will model his, an illusion that I can only keep up for two hours. After that I will need to recharge my batteries. Do you understand?*

*"I think so."*

*Here is the floor plan. The red dot is Hygralmin, the purple Remaran. The green arrows indicate an unlocked path to cell three. If necessary, the map will change to suit your needs, and show a path of escape. The map will also change as the individual features change. If you need to look at the map again, blank your mind and focus on the word "map". Practice this once, and then we shall go on.*

Atherion did as he was told, and the map image rose before his mind's eye.

14

Remaran felt herself hit the floor. "Remmie? Are you okay?"

"I'm fine Daddy."

"What happened?"

"The guard took me up a bunch of stairs into the office of some guy named Trachik."

"Trachik, he's their leader. He's a very powerful man, Remmie."

"I didn't do anything to upset him, if that's what you're worried about. He asked me for Bauble, and I told him that I lost it. But he didn't seem to believe me."

"That was it?"

"Yes. He called the guard and I was brought back down here. But Daddy, why do they want Bauble? Why is it suddenly so valuable? And what did the explosion have to do with it?"

"Princess, I want you to get some sleep now."

"Daddy, I want some answers."

"I mean it. This is not the time or the place. Trust your old dad, okay? I promise I'll tell you everything once we get home."

"Fine."

*Master:*

*"Bauble?"*

*Yes. I have found a young man to help you escape. His name is Atherion.*

*"Bauble, the name of our guard is Kobya. He is standing about four feet away from me."*

*Yes Master.*

*"Knock him out and then model Atherion after him. Do you understand my plan?"*

*Yes Master. I will do as you have instructed.*

15

Trachik leaned back into his plush armchair, perplexed at Remaran's seeming



unwillingness to disclose any information. Why did she pretend ignorance, when she had to know what Bauble was. Why else would she have carried it halfway across a continent? What was it she had said? About "sentiments" or something? Baah, he didn't have time for that. He looked up through the skylight at Polaris making it's daily trip across the purple sky. (He knew it was Othania that orbited Polaris, but now and then it was easier to accept the opposite as the truth.) Things had changed so much since the first visit of humans to Othania! New language, new technology, war, peace, war, and peace again. And now weapons! Weapons! What would he do if Bauble was not found in Trindleton? If Hygralmin got away with his plans. . . . Othania would be changed forever! Into a cruel, uncaring world, or worse, a planet where nothing could live. He had to find Bauble! Life on Othania was depending on him!

16

Atherion walked through the carravanna entrance, marveling at the fact that it was unguarded. Then he reasoned with himself. Bauble had probably gotten rid of the guard. What was Bauble anyway? Why did he feel like a naïve young idiot? Was this some wild goose chase he was being suckered into? Doubts began to flood his thoughts.

*Atherion!*

*"What? Are you going to sucker me into even more danger, not to mention that I'll probably lose my job for not going to the Ringmaster's meeting!"*

*Atherion, calm down. This mission is for the good of all Othania. You will be a hero. Calm down, Atherion. You will be a hero. Follow the green arrows. Come on, you can do it! You'll save Hygralmin and Remaran. Think of Sherra. She'll be so proud of you! Calm down, Atherion.*

*"I'll be a hero. The mission is for the good of Othania."*

*Yes, Atherion. Now follow the green arrows.*

Atherion called the map image up and headed towards the next green arrow, with a nagging feeling that he was forgetting something vital.

17

Remaran woke with a strange feeling of apprehension. "Daddy, I want you to tell me about what's going on. I need to know **now**."

"Remmie..."

"Dad, this is serious. You're being very secretive at a time when I need to know what's going on. I don't even know why it is we're here! My life is in danger and you won't even tell me why, much less tell me **your** part in the whole thing! I don't like it, and I refuse to continue talking to you if you won't give me any answers!"

"Remmie, please, have patience."

"How am I supposed to be patient when for all I know, that guy Trachik and his cohorts are planning on how to kill me?"

"I can't explain."

"Why not? Blazing Polaris, what do I have to do to get some answers? Go up to the guard and ask him? You know what? That's actually a good idea. I'll do that. I'm sure our captors will respond to my questions better than you, my own father is. At least they can do



better than 'Remmie, be patient' or 'Remmie... ', " she mimicked. "I'm going to ask if I can have a talk with Trachik."

"Remmie, no."

"What else do you propose I do? **You** won't tell me anything, so who should I ask? It's too late. You're not going to answer me, so I'm going to ask someone who hopefully will." Remaran walked over to the grill and called to the nearby guard.

18

Trachik's musings were interrupted by Birchin's voice over the communicator. "Sir, the prisoner Remaran wishes to speak with you. She says it's important."

So, she wants to talk now? Maybe she finally decided to come forward with what she did with Bauble. That would definitely make his workload easier! "Escort her to my office in twenty minutes. Have Kobya guard the remaining prisoner while you are gone."

"Yes sir." Birchin went to the cell door and delivered his commanding officer's answer.

"Remmie, please don't do this."

"Daddy, I don't have a choice. You won't tell me a thing and I'm sick and tired of it. I wish I was home with Mom!" Remaran sat on the flimsy cot, refusing to respond to her father's apologies.

19

Following the green arrows, Atherion soon reached cell three. Birchin walked over to what he thought was his friend. "Look, Kobya, could you take over? Trachik needs me."

"Sure." Atherion answered automatically. Then he wondered who the guy was, and what he had agreed to. He turned his thoughts back to the map image inside his head.

Birchin entered the cell and led Remaran back up the stairs to Trachik's office.

"Trachik, sir, here is Remaran."

"Thank you Birchin, you may go now." Birchin left and Remaran sat down in the chair opposite Trachik's desk. "What did you wish to talk to me about?" asked Trachik.

"To begin with, I really don't know where Bauble is. I also have no clue as to why you want Bauble. I left my home to search for my father who I couldn't believe was dead. I carried Bauble with me because it was given to me as a present by my father and brought back memories. When I realized Bauble was gone I went back to the campfire to look for it. There I was captured by your men. Since then I have tried to ask my father why this is happening but he refuses to say anything. I came to you to see if you would answer my questions. Will you?"

"That depends. What are they?"

"What is Bauble? Why do you want it? What do I have to do with this?"

"Bauble is a very sophisticated computer, capable of creating weapons technology. We want it because such technology is dangerous to the well being of..."

"He lies!" Remaran turned in surprise at the sound of her father's voice.

"Daddy? How did you..."

"Don't move!" Trachik took out a small automatic pistol, one of the very few imported from Earth to arm high ranking officers. "Kobya! Why did you bring Hygralmin here?"

The illusion of Kobya shimmered and dissolved. "I am not Kobya. This is Bauble. The young man here is now completely under my control. To destroy me he must die!" Trachik hit a small button on the underside of his desk. "Ha! Don't you know by now that I can see your



every move! I already shorted out the alarm system."

Remaran, thinking quickly, stood in front of Trachik. "Daddy, you can't hurt me. You love me. Don't let Bauble do this. I love you. Come back home with me Daddy, please." Tears streaked down her face as she realized the futility of her words. Bauble continued to advance towards the desk.

Using every bit of will Atherion could muster, he took Bauble from his pocket and threw it to Trachik. Deftly catching the trinket midair, Trachik placed it in the waste incinerator under his desk. Seeing his certain defeat, Hygralmin threw himself onto the floor, sobs racking his body. He accepted the bitter truth; he had lost his last hope of power over all Othania.

20

Remaran sat in the old rocking chair, recounting the events to her mother, her face serious in the light from the fire. Her mother nodded slowly; she had known in her heart that Hygralmin's dreams of power would end this way. "Mother, I'd like you to meet Atherion. He's the one whose body was taken by Bauble. He's in town for a few days with the circus."

Atherion entered the room, deciding he would like this woman, Kala, if her personality was the one reflected in the tasteful decor. "Hello?"

"Atherion, my mother, Kala."

"Nice to meet you. My father's name was Atherion."

"What a coincidence!"

The three found much in common and stayed up way past midnight sharing anecdotes and jokes, forming a bond that would truly withstand the test of time.

Serena J. Silver





*Illustration by Sarah Tunick*



# Mortal/Immortal

As god's milk white hands grasped  
me from my body,  
with the dream days, constant rocking,  
the drifting.

My feather eyelids dusted  
with lead drip down my face  
like the imaginations of mortals running  
free.

I know that the ancient  
ones won't  
miss me.

As the white mare trots closer,  
to take me farther into  
the dream.

The violet dancers and aqua dogs  
running wild.

'till I turn my face,  
awaiting the worst.

The men in black,  
their tools of sadness and pain. I'm digging  
frantically to pull to the top,  
away from them.

Their hot breath on my back  
as I just escape  
and the milk white hands replace me to my rightful  
place.

Chelsea Anderson



# Fallacy of thought

Stagnating I am  
in a cloudy puddle of rain,  
unable to evaporate,  
waiting for someone,  
perhaps a child,  
to nudge me  
kick me,  
splatter me  
all over the earth.  
She will have  
a glossy yellow slicker  
and shiny red boots.  
She doesn't mind if  
she soaks her socks  
through to the toes,  
so she steps into me  
and I rise  
out of my musty pool.

Lost in reverie,  
I am ignorant  
of the child's rubber heels.  
Blithely content to dream,  
I stagnate  
in a cloudy puddle of rain  
which has run off someone's roof.  
Where is the child?  
I can not find  
her foggy breath  
nor taste her lively step.  
She fails to  
manifest herself to me  
yet, like a cherub,  
tramples upon my dreams.  
The water is unpotable,  
the truth unclear  
as her unwashed hair.  
Stagnant still am I,  
immersed in an acrid puddle  
of yesterday's rain.

Paul Tuchmann



# Parallel

Milla's time had come. None of Rusty's loud, obnoxious theatre friends were around. Her confidence was up, and no one was there to shoot it down.

Last year, when she tried to say hi to Rusty, Jason Levy called her "Tight-o". She was used to the cracks and insults, especially from the opposite sex. Jason had been the leader of the crowd that taunted her through elementary and middle school. They used to call her "pre-pube chicken legs," because she had no breasts or shapely legs like most girls did at age thirteen. Before she hit puberty, they called her "Smelly Milly", because she was frequently found climbing trees during recess instead of playing with dolls.

It upset her to think about it then, as it did when she was younger. But she had decided a long time ago that she was above them all. They were just jealous; she was number one in the class, had a truck load of academic awards and surprised them all by growing out of her awkward stage.

The summer before she entered high school she transformed from a flat chested, skinny, tree-climbing-freak into someone a typical seventeen year-old boy appreciated. When she started high school, all the people, especially the boys, decided she may be worth their time after all. She was appalled (and hurt, but would never admit that to them). She decided she didn't want a social life. She refused to trust anyone. Instead, she worked her butt off in school, developed a holier than thou attitude, and told them all to bug off.

Now, in her senior year, she was not surprised at their behavior. She was getting sick of it. All she wanted was for them to leave her alone so she could drop this attitude and introduce herself to the only boy she had spent dreaming about, every night, since ninth grade.

Unfortunately, the only time she mustered up the courage, Jason interrupted. By the time he had finished his heckling, Rusty was far from the chem lab, down by the band rehearsal stage.

But now, in the lunch line, despite the repulsive stench of greasy school food, she could sense that the air was right. Right enough for her to follow through with saying hello. She had to let him know that she existed as more than "tight-o."

She took a deep breath, the steamy air causing her eyes to tear a bit. She leaned forward and...

"What's fa lunthch?" A repulsive looking, short, fat boy whirled her around and blew his foul breath into her face.

She shook his hand off and replied through clenched teeth, "I don't know." She started to turn again but he grabbed her arm.

"Aw come own. I'm a fweshman. It's da fwist day. Pwease hewlp me."

She almost told him that he didn't need any more food. However, it was bad enough that the entire school thought she was an uptight priss with no friends. She could not chance being seen rejecting this drooling vegetable. Then again, being seen interacting with him could enhance the already existing hatred.

"Ask someone else. I do not familiarize myself with this socioeconomically depressed area's lunch menu. I'm only in line to get a soda. So please excuse me." She congratulated herself silently on her eloquent way of telling the loser to bug off. This proves, she thought with great satisfaction, that I am not as uptight as everone thinks. I politely told that piece of wiggling jello that I could not help him. She smiled and her confidence soared.

She leaned forward again and...

She leaned too far. She tripped over a right foot. Then she bumped into a large shoulder. A rush of heat blushed her cheeks.

"Oh God, I'm so sorry. I can't believe I just did that. I'm such a clutz," her words tumbled out, crashing onto him like a tidal wave. She instantly wished she could take them back.

Rusty tried to breath through his mouth to avoid inhaling the fumes of the cafeteria. Tapping his pencil against his thigh in time with the string of notes echoing between his ears, he thought about Jason Levy's



"constructive" criticism. He said the song Rusty was writing sounded too flowery. What did that mean? Maybe it was the lyrics:

"She's so young  
full of roses  
and lace.  
Wants so much  
to ease your pain.  
Wants so much for  
you to love her  
Wants to chase your  
fear away.

But I don't want her  
to love me  
don't want her tenderness.-"

Actually, the lyrics were pretty weak. Music was his thing, he knew it and could feel it. The words never seemed to match the music he wrote. Maybe Jason could write and-

Suddenly he was side-swiped on his right. He fell against the wall and bumped into a girl. The blow wasn't hard. But he was so lost in thought; it startled him.

The girl was apologizing madly, frantically it seemed. "It's okay, really. I'm fine." He tried to calm her. Then, almost as abruptly as she had bumped into him, she ran off.

His theory about women was now confirmed: They were definitely their own species. He just didn't get them.

"Juvenile, I am acting completely juvenile." Milla whispered to her reflection in the girls' bathroom mirror. She smoothed her braided hair, then rebuttoned one of the brown buttons on her navy cardigan. Her khaki pants looked good: all pleats pleated. (A pleasant surprise to her; usually by lunch, she had to tug and stretch them out to her standard crispness.)

She stared harder into the mirror, willing her once pale, solemn face to lose its new embarrassing flush. She detested the way she felt every time she saw Rusty, like she had been drugged.

But now, oh now, it was horrible. He actually spoke to her and she ran away. Like a chicken whose head was chopped off. Like a psychotic woman... she made a complete and utter fool out of herself, what was she going to do the next time she saw him?

Rusty stared at the strings of his guitar. He wished it could talk to him and tell him why his song wasn't coming together, why the chords sounded so strained and stretched. He wanted to rip all the strings out and fling them around the music room. The frustration was growing inside him, he needed to bury his guitar somewhere away from the music. Or, bury himself with his guitar away from his life.

Ever since he'd moved from California in ninth grade, he felt as if he were on the outside looking in. The people here had all grown up together. He felt as if he were an alien invading a tiny planet. White River Junction was its own little world; it was a mere dot on the map of Vermont.

He could vaguely remember what life was like before Vermont. Blue skies, his father around... lots of smiles and friends; he never wrote songs then. He remembered one thing very clearly: he used to feel like he belonged.



Milla made it through the day. She slumped into the kitchen chair. Although she usually never allowed herself to slouch, today she let herself slip a bit.

After the incident, Milla couldn't walk in her usual way: straight back, chin high, never making any eye contact (or feeling the need to). She knew her strong will was weakening. She was starting to feel the need for comfort again, like the days when she was a kid being teased.

If only Rusty would talk to her. She saw him alone all the time. Did he ever feel lonely? Didn't he want someone to talk to? When she walked out of the bathroom after lunch, she couldn't control her eyes as they searched for one friendly face that would listen to her. She hated to admit it, but not belonging was starting to hurt a lot.

Rusty's last girlfriend shot down his confidence. They were together for six months of his sophomore year. He really loved her and thought she cared for him too. So, for their six month anniversary he went to her house and surprised her with a dozen red roses... and she surprised him with his best friend on the kitchen floor. After that incident, he avoided both girls and close friends.

He played the guitar so much to keep himself from feeling lonely and to prevent himself from remembering all the hurt he felt during those early years of high school. But lately he seemed to be getting angry for no reason, feeling frustrated and impatient with his music. He felt a piece of his life was missing. He knew it had to do with the fact that in the past two years, he had pretty much isolated himself socially. He had no idea how to relate to people or express himself. When he played the guitar, no matter if the piece was good or bad, he felt a sense of release.

He picked up the lyrics to his song and wondered if Jason would agree to work on it with him.

Just then he walked into the music room.

"How's it going Rus?"

"Okay... I looked at the song again. I think it's the words that are the problem." He handed Jason the sheet.

Jason laughed. "That's not it, dude. When you played for Pippin freshman year, everyone was in awe. But, man, that was three years ago. I think you've lost it."

Rusty looked at the ground wanting to punch Jason; it made him angry. He wanted Jason to say that he'd help him, not that it completely stunk.

Suddenly anger screamed inside him, and memories of the time when he had possessed the confidence to stand up and say what he felt, memories of California, came back to him. There had to be some way of getting back what he had lost. He wanted to tear apart the past couple of years, throw them away and then re-do everything, saying all the things he had never allowed himself to say before.

Jason was gone.

Rusty put the song aside and wished he had someone to talk to.

Milla slowed her car as she approached the stop sign. She glanced in her rear view mirror. The lack of care she put into her appearance that day was quite apparent: no concealer to hide her dark circles, no cover up for her blemishes, and no blistex for her chapped lips. Plus, she was wearing a drab grey shirt and black pants that were too big for her. Her hair remained braided. But she wasn't sure if she was going to keep it in. It was starting to feel like a helmet. A helmet was for protection and she needed to feel free.

Rusty slung his guitar over his shoulder and made his way down the crowded corridor to his locker. He saw Jason with a group of guys by the rehearsal room. Jason looked up at him. Their eyes met briefly and, for a moment, Rusty felt that he was going to laugh. He knew Jason had no idea what good music was. He realized that Jason wasn't everyone. Jason wasn't the only person Rusty wanted to talk to. He knew there were others.



Milla parked her car. She wanted to run free in the woods, getting dirty and climbing trees. She yanked her braid out, shook her hair loose, and without a second glance in the mirror, she opened the car door and ran into school.

The hallway was starting to clear for the first hour. Rusty bent to tie his shoe when suddenly a gust of wind whipped by him...

Milla tripped. She fell over a foot and her books splattered across the floor. Looking up through her mangled hair, she saw Rusty.

Hannah Goodman



# Visiting Artist: Erica Jong

One afternoon, Buck's Rock was graced with the presence of Erica Jong, a former camper and celebrated author. Ms. Jong offered to do a workshop on writing poetry about everyday objects. The following pieces were inspired by the exercise:

He tried to pull the band away  
but it refused to come loose.  
He traced the circular coil of silver  
from top to bottom  
to top again,  
four times  
all the way around.  
He sniffed at the metal  
and was impressed by its cold.  
As he twisted his wrist  
the light caught the silver  
and flashed.  
Stinging his pupils with its brilliance  
The ring made no noise,  
but he heard the words behind it  
in the back of his head,  
"I do" it called.  
Forever.

The worn leather of the gauntlet is turned  
grey with age  
it lies alone in the box and without a  
hand it appears lifeless  
the distinct odor of perspiration  
fear and ambition is reminiscent of  
the joys of past victories and the  
agony of defeat.  
now it lies forgotten  
while a glove of pure white  
is molded anew.

Cardboard: brown, hard, crispy.  
Go Yanks.  
Brown cardboard...  
But now all I see is sheets of fabric.  
How do you feel?  
Piece of cardboard in a cap  
Never seen.  
No light, no air.  
But if you were not here  
No one would catch the ball.  
No game would be won.  
Never seen, never loved, never questioned,  
But always needed.

The rain is muffled by the hood on my head.  
The raincoat protects me by dulling my senses.  
I am warm and dry under the rubber.  
It is unreal.  
I like the rain.  
I like the wet.  
I do not like the elastic bands around my wrists,  
Keeping my white arms from what replaces the sun.  
There are pockets for my belongings  
But nothing seems to fit.  
The hood shades my eyes  
But there is no sun.  
And I like the rain.

The tennis racket lies  
Slick and shiny in my closet  
As if did 5 years ago.  
The glossy, fluorescent tape wound around the handle  
Is unworn,  
Never having felt the pounding, sweaty hand  
Of healthy sport.  
The taut strings poised for vigorous movement  
Imagine the rush of warm summer air  
Before they whirl and vibrate in the impact  
Of a wholesome smack,  
But lie pale and thin as their  
Whimpering, sickly owner.  
They lie flat and hopeless in the dark.

I drink and watch the light brown streaks run down the white porcelain. And I quickly lick the bottom of the mug, before the tan droplet can break off and fall onto my lap. I can feel the rough, unglazed bottom scrape across my tongue. I put the mug down onto the table, and even though I thought it was clean, it still makes a semi-circle of liquid. And I can see the other stains, from past cups. I pick the mug back up, by its mighty handle, and I look into the dark abyss of the decaf. I can see all the deformities, and things I hate. And then I close my eyes, and drink.





*Photo by Daniel Walfish*



# The Misplacement

## Prologue

Maddyc yawned.

He yawned because he was tired.

He was tired because he was bored.

He was bored because he'd been waiting forever in the reception room.

"How long before I'll be let it?" he asked the secretary sleepily.

"Not for a while, yet," she replied. "He's a very busy person."

Maddyc nodded to her, and then fell asleep on the sofa that he had been sitting on for what seemed like a very long time.

## 1

When the family Acura crashed and Sloan found himself hurled into blackness, he knew he was dead. He expected to get out of his body and float peacefully up to heaven, or downward to hell. He didn't expect to find himself having a conversation with three talking water bottles.

"Hmmmmm..." the first bottle said, swirling its spout around so it faced Sloan, "That's quite an interesting story. How many telephone poles did you say?"

"Two hundred and eighty-six," Sloan answered stupidly. For some reason, he felt it was perfectly natural to be talking to these water bottles. But he still felt it was absurd.

"Amazing!" the second water bottle said in a tiny, squealing voice. "Really and truly amazing!"

"Big deal," the third one retorted. "Anyone can count telephone poles."

"Yeah," the first one said. "But who would actually do it?"

The three water bottles, as well as Sloan, were in the middle of an endless grass field. The sky was clear, but it wasn't blue. It was green. And the grass was blue. From what Sloan could see, there wasn't a cloud in the sky.

His head was buzzing with memories. His sister Nicole was singing the words to "I Touch Myself" in an extremely loud voice in the car, his father turning around to tell her to shut up, and the car swerving directly into the wall.

The last thing he remembered was counting 286 telephone poles.

"Where am I?" Sloan suddenly asked the water bottles. "Am I dead? Who are you?"

All three bottles turned to face him.

"Where does it look like you are?" said the first water bottle.

"Do you feel dead?" squeaked the second.

"We're water bottles! What do we look like?" the third one said.

Sloan shook his head, suddenly aware that he still had one. This was getting him nowhere.

"How do I get out of here?" he asked them.

"He wants to go?" the second asked the others.

"He wants to go," the third one said.

"Then let him go," the first one said. And all three pointed their spouts at him again.

The bottles squeezed themselves, and water poured out of their spouts and onto Sloan. The force of the torrent of water forced him backward and backward and he stumbled into

Blackness

Lots of blackness. Black everywhere. He saw a light ahead. The light was getting closer and he sped towards it at amazing speed. He flew faster and faster and then suddenly

Lightness

Lots of lightness. Light everywhere. He closed his eyes.



"You're okay!" He heard a voice.

He opened his eyes and looked into those of another person.

"You're alright now, Sloan." The man he was looking at said, "Just lie back down. Can you talk?"

Sloan stupidly kept staring right into the other person's eyes, as if considering if the person was real or not. His eyes eventually drifted away from the eyes and looked at the room he was in. A white room. Yes, it was definitely white. That much he could tell. Everything else was a big blur. He stared back at the man. He was wearing something white as well.

"Yes," Sloan said, suddenly realizing how loud his voice had become, "I can talk."

"Good!" the man in the white clothes said. "Just lie back down. Your family is outside in the waiting room. You're gonna be okay."

The man turned around and walked away towards the white blur. He began to blend in with it and then he vanished. Sloan thought he heard the sounds of a door opening and closing.

*I'm in a hospital!* he realized all of a sudden. *I'm not dead! I'm in a hospital! I'm gonna be okay!*

His eyes began to focus, and he could see the room more clearly. The hospital room was small, with a white cabinet against one wall. Next to him there was a table with some sort of tube on it. There was a smaller tube protruding from the large one which went into his arm. Written on the tube were the words "Dextro-saline."

The door on the other side of the room opened. And his father, his mother, and Nicole filed in.

"Are you okay?" Nicole asked meekly.

Sloan stared at Nicole. That wasn't Nicole's voice. That voice was soft and light, not the loud and screechy voice that she always used—no matter what the circumstances were. His ears must have been affected as well.

"I'm fine," he said. He still couldn't get over how loud his voice had become. "What happened?"

"Your head went through the window when we crashed," his father said. "You're gonna be okay though."

Sloan shook his head. That wasn't his father's real voice either.

His mother, Abigail, then opened her mouth to say something, but even before she spoke he knew that her voice had changed as well.

*This is just temporary,* he thought to himself. *Their voices will change back to normal in no time.*

The first thing Sloan noticed when he left the hospital was that the sky was green. Just like in his dream. Or was it a dream?

Sloan shook his head. No, it was just his eyes going crazy again. That's all it was.

The second thing he noticed was that where the concrete should have been there was what looked like very strong styrofoam.

The third thing he noticed was that his family led him to a very large jeep and not an Acura. He figured that they'd rented this car since the other one was being fixed or something.

His father opened the door to the jeep and told him that they were going back home to Arizona, and not going to visit their relatives in California, where they had been originally going.

"Dad," Sloan said to his father, "we live in California. Our relatives live in Arizona."

His parents looked at each other with nervous looks on their faces.

"Uh...yeah," his mother said, "That's right. You're right!"

Abigail suppressed a nervous laugh and got into the jeep. Bill shook his head and joined her. Nicole got in the back seat. So did Sloan.

*This is crazy!* Sloan thought as the car drove away from the hospital and towards home. Wherever that was. *This is just crazy! Why aren't there any telephone poles here?*

"He'll see you now," the secretary said in a thick, nasal, plastic voice. "Please enter through The White



Door."

"Huh?" Maddyc said, waking up. "Were you talking to me?"

"Yes, sir." The secretary answered in that same plastic voice. "Please enter through The White Door."

Maddyc pushed himself off the leather sofa he had been sleeping on for the past fifty years and walked down the corridor behind the secretary's desk.

It took a long time for one to get in to see the Boss, but Maddyc was immortal and not really going anywhere so it didn't really matter. For the first ten years he pondered what it would be like to work for the Boss, for the next ten years he worried if he would be able to do a good job. For the fifteen years afterward he wondered what the Boss would do if **didn't** do a good job. And then for the last fifty years he just slept. Now, it was time.

He looked to his right and saw a red door. That wasn't it. He looked to his left and saw a green door. That wasn't it either. He looked to his right a little further down the hallway and saw a blue door. Again, that wasn't it. He looked to his left and saw a purple door with red and white polka dots. That definitely wasn't it. Finally, at the very end of the hallway, he saw it: The White Door.

His hand rested on the doorknob for a few moments, as if reconsidering. He then turned the knob. It wouldn't turn. Instead, a very large sign dropped down right in front of his face.

"**ATTENTION!!**" it read, "**YOU ARE GOING TO SEE THE BOSS. A.K.A. THE ETERNAL, THE ALMIGHTY, THE HEAD HONCHO, THE MAN UPSTAIRS, LORD, AND GOD. BE VERY, VERY CAREFUL!**"

Maddyc couldn't help but be a little nervous. He turned the knob again. This time it turned and he went inside.

The office inside was neat and well-kept, with a large circular desk in the center. Behind the desk there was a swivel chair that moved back and forth. To the untrained eye (and even to the trained eye), it seemed as if there was nothing in the chair. But in the chair was Him: The Boss!

"Ah," Maddyc heard the Boss say, "Maddyc."

"Yes," Maddyc answered, "that's right."

"**I know** that, you chattering dolt!" The Boss shouted so loudly that Maddyc pondered the possibility of retreating, but he held his ground.

The Boss's voice grew calmer. "Please leave your resume with me and I'll get back to you in a century or so."

Maddyc's mouth dropped open, "What?"

"You heard me," The Boss's tone became stronger, "I'll take a look at your resume in time; I don't have a lot of time to deal with new applicants."

"But I've waited almost a century already!"

"That's no concern of mine," The Boss said.

"But that's not fair!" he wailed.

"**WHAT?!**" The Boss shrieked, "You confront **ME**? Ha! I laugh at you puny little face! I don't give a pig's breath if it's fair or not. I've got a mind to destroy your immortality and throw your soul to the four hells! Would you like that?"

Maddyc gulped and started shaking. His hands reached back to grab something to hold on to, but found nothing.

He could feel The Boss smiling, "You pathetic little creature. You want a job to do, fine. But it won't be easy. Some of my top messengers have had troubles with this one."

Maddyc could barely control his relief at not being killed, "Thank God!" he whispered.

"You're welcome," The Boss said, "Now. Let me see."

A desk drawer opened and a folder floated out of it. The folder opened and the papers inside started to be shuffled through.

"Hmm," The Boss said, "A grave situation indeed."

Maddyc's heart dropped down to his shoes. When The Boss said "grave," it meant trouble. What had he gotten himself into?



"There's been a misplacement. You have to correct it. Here."

The folder was thrown into his arms, and he was blown out of the office and back into the corridor.

*Dammit!* he thought to himself, *maybe I just should have stayed asleep.*

Maddyc entered the elevator with the folder under his right arm.

"2-GR" he said to the man operating it, in the hope that he'd be taken to his destination.

"I'm afraid you'll have to wait your turn," the mortal elevator boy said. Maddyc turned around and saw three others behind him. He grunted.

Maddyc looked at the mortal elevator boy, a child who was damned before he was born, forced to be an elevator operator for the rest of his life. The last time Maddyc had seen him the elevator boy was seven years old. Now he was old and gray, almost ninety years old. It just reminded Maddyc of how long he'd spent in the waiting room.

"Where are you headed?" one of the others behind him said. Maddyc looked at him and saw a man about his age. But considering that everyone of his kind resembled a human of twenty, he couldn't really tell.

"Mission for The Boss," he answered. He said no more.

"Oh, me too," the other answered, "Some idiot dog has dug a hole into another universe. It's the third time this has happened, with the same dog. If I've told him once, I've told him a zillion times: If you keep digging like that you'll dig a hole to another universe. But did he listen to me? No, on course not. What's your assignment? Maybe we can trade."

"I've got to correct a Misplacement," Maddyc said hopefully.

The other man raised his hands defensively, "Woah!" he shouted, "On second thought, I'll keep my assignment. How long have you been in the business? You must be an expert, getting an assignment like that."

Maddyc's hopeful look vanished, "Uh," he said, "yeah."

The man turned back. What kind of assignment did The Boss give him, anyway?

Maddyc shrugged, opened the folder, and began to read the contents inside.

### 3

The house in Arizona looked almost exactly like the one in California. Bill parked the Jeep in a garage that was never there before and stopped the car.

Sloan's head buzzed with thoughts as his family ushered him into the house with soothing words of "Are you alright?" and "Do you need any help?" and the incomparable "Can you make it to the house, alone?"

Sloan shoved them all away and stormed into the house, proving once and for all that he was fine, and that they should from then on think of him as such.

Upon entering the house he found it looked just about the same, nothing had really changed that much. He walked up the narrow staircase and upstairs to his bedroom where he found something else that was completely out of place.

His bed mattress was made out of Jell-O.

Now *this is strange!* he thought as he stared. The other things he had noticed could have been a trick of his eyes or ears. But this he could see, hear, smell, and feel.

He tasted it, and found it delicious. He tried some more, and then some more. Eventually, he had eaten half the mattress before he heard the ear-shattering GONG! that shook the house to its foundations.

Sloan fell on the floor, "What the hell was that?!" he shouted.

"The dinner gong, you idiot!" Nicole shouted into his bedroom through the closed door as she walked down the hallway, "It's dinner time! I mean it Sloan, you're scaring us all. You're forgetting everything."

Sloan shook his head and got up on his feet. He walked out of the bedroom and followed Nicole downstairs. Dinner gong? He remembered his family having a dinner bell, but a dinner gong?!



Wouldn't the neighbors complain?

"I'm almost done," Abigail said to them as they walked into the kitchen, "I just have to make the mashed tomatoes."

Sloan paused. What did she say?

"Uh," Sloan stuttered, "Don't you mean mashed potatoes?"

The rest of the family winced. Abigail and Bill stared at each other with nervous looks of their faces.

"Mashed potatoes?!" Nicole gagged. "That's gross!"

His parents and sister continued to stare at him. Sloan was beginning to feel a little insecure.

"Uh, sorry," he said at last, "You must have heard wrong. I meant tomatoes."

His family seemed to accept that, and Bill and Nicole took their places at the table. Sloan joined them.

Shaking her head, Abigail walked to the freezer and opened it. Sloan gasped as she took out what appeared to be a frozen penguin. Holding it by its feet, she walked over to the counter where a large bowl of tomatoes was placed.

Abigail then proceeded to repeatedly bash the tomatoes with the head of the frozen penguin. Tomato juice squirted all over the counter. Sloan's eyes popped out of his head. He was about to say something, but then thought better of it.

"What are you doing to that penguin?!" he didn't say. "Use a wooden spoon!"

Obviously, his mother didn't answer.

Her hands covered with tomato juice, Abigail picked up the bowl of mashed tomatoes and walked with it over to the table. Sloan felt like throwing up.

"Um, I already ate," Sloan quickly said as he pushed his chair back.

"Really?" Bill inquired, "When?"

Sloan stood up and began to walk out of the room, "Uh, I ate my mattress. I'm not very hungry." He left before the rest of them could say a word.

#### 4

"REMEMBER," the letter in the folder read, "REMAIN INVISIBLE. DO NOT MAKE CONTACT BEFORE THE SUBJECT REALIZES YOU'RE THERE. REMOVE HIS SOUL ONLY IF SUBJECT AGREES. DON'T USE FORCE UNLESS NECESSARY. OBEY ALL RULES TO THE LETTER, EVEN THOUGH I KNOW YOU'LL SCREW UP ANYWAY."

—THE BOSS

The Boss was beginning to get on Maddyc's nerves. Of course he'd obey the rules!

Maddyc materialized inside Sloan's bedroom to find him eating his mattress. Maddyc's eyes widened.

"What the hell are you doing?!" he shouted. Dammit!

Sloan whirled around. "Who said that?!"

*You idiot!* Maddyc scolded himself, *you're off to a great start.*

"I'm here!" Maddyc said menacingly, "I have to talk to you!"

"Leave or I'll punch your lights out!" Sloan threatened.

Maddyc grinned. "Ha!" he laughed, "Just try! I know you cannot see me, I've invisibl— OOF!"

Maddyc doubled over as Sloan's fist connected with his stomach. He quickly reached back to steady himself, found nothing, and fell to the floor.

*You did it again, genius,* Maddyc thought, *next time remember to turn invisible!*

"Who are you and what are you doing here?" Sloan asked in an angry tone of voice.

"Alright," Maddyc said, standing up. "I'm here on a mission. You see, you're supposed to be dead."

Sloan gave Maddyc a quizzical look.

Maddyc sighed. "Let me explain. You are not where you should be. If you haven't noticed, the sky



here is green. In your universe, the sky is..." Maddyc paused for a second. "Purple with red and white polka dots, right?"

"No," Sloan said, bewildered, "It's blue."

Maddyc's mouth dropped open. "Blue?!" he shouted. "You came from **that** universe?! HA! What a bore-hole! I can't believe it! Blue!"

"Shut up!" Sloan interrupted. "What do you mean I'm supposed to be dead?"

Maddyc took a deep breath. "Okay, you died. But instead of your soul being reborn in a new body, you were reborn in your own body in an alternate universe."

Maddyc cocked his thumb upward. "The Boss screwed up, actually. He says it's only a computer error. He installed the computers himself, so He said that they were good. A few people questioned Him on how reliable the computers actually were, but those people never came back to give us His answer."

Sloan's quizzical look grew even more quizzical. "So what are you going to do?"

Maddyc folded his arms. "Well, we have to remove your soul, run it through the computers and have you enter your next life. Quite a simple process, really."

Sloan's eyes grew larger. "You're gonna kill me," he said horrified.

"No," Maddyc said, "That would be too messy. I'll just remove your soul from that body, insert the one that's supposed to be there, run you through the works, and everything will be okay."

"You're crazy!" Sloan shouted at the immortal.

"No," Maddyc said calmly, "I've just got a job to do—"

"You're crazy!" Sloan said again.

"No, listen—"

"Get out of here!" Sloan half-screamed.

Maddyc took a second deep breath. "Fine," he said, "be that way."

He turned around and took two steps towards the door, then turned to stare at Sloan.

"But if the inter-universal fabric starts deteriorating because of this, don't blame me!!"

Maddyc stormed towards the door, and was just about to go through it when he paused.

*Why am I using the door?* he thought, *I can just teleport out of here.*

He then proceeded to do just that, when suddenly an idea came to him.

He slowly turned his face to look at Sloan with a smile.

"Sloan," he said, "are you an alcoholic?"

Sloan stared. "No."

"That's the first sign," Maddyc said, "Denial."

"Wha..."

A confused look came over Sloan's face as he pondered this. Maddyc took advantage of this situation to grab hold of Sloan's soul.

"Hey!" he yelled, "Wwwwhhhhhaaaaatt'ss hhhhaaappppeeeennnniiiiinnnnnnngg?!"

"Just relax," Maddyc said in a low voice, "It'll all be over in a minute."

"Yyyyoouuuu ssssoooooonnnnnn ooooofffff aaaaa bbbbiiiiittttt—"

With a faint sound, the soul popped out of the body. The body, now uninhabited, fell to the floor. Alive, but unused.

Maddyc put Sloan's soul in the folder and left. He hated to do it, but a job's a job.

## EPILOGUE

The Boss dropped the soul into the computer slot, where it soon entered a new body that eventually went on to become one of the most famous telephone pole makers in the country.

"You did good, Maddyc," He said. "Even if you are a dolt."

"Well," Maddyc stuttered, "Thanks. I think."

"You're welcome," The Boss said. "And I forgive you for your former stubbornness. You are free



to work with me as long as you live. Which is forever, so don't ask me about retirement."

"I wouldn't dream of it," Maddyc said, breathing very slowly.

"You'll be promoted to Top Messenger," The Boss said proudly, "Top notch pay, but no health plan. But who needs a health plan when you're immortal? Right?"

"So you're not going to kill me?"

"Of course not, you horse's withers! You're going to be working alongside me from now on."

Maddyc looked down. "Oh, then..."

The Boss's tone grew stronger. "What?"

Maddyc bit his lip. "Well, since I'm going to be working with you forever, could I..." He stopped.

"Spit it out, Maddyc!"

"Could I see what you look like?" he finished breathlessly.

The Boss remained silent for a tense fifteen seconds. "Do you know what happened to the last person who asked me that?"

Maddyc licked his suddenly dry lips. "Uh, no..."

"You don't want to know. But, you're right. I will show you, but if you tell anyone..."

Maddyc's eyes opened wide. "I can guess," he said.

The chair in which The Boss sat began to glow with a faint red light. It got stronger and stronger till he could faintly see a figure underneath. When the red light lifted, Maddyc gasped.

"Something wrong?" The Boss said. She looked at him with some indifference.

Maddyc stared. The Man Upstairs was really the Woman Upstairs! And, he couldn't help noticing, not a bad-looking one, at that.

"Go home," She said, "Relax. Lie in bed and read or something. But I want to see you bright and early next decade. I expect you to work hard, Maddyc."

All Maddyc could do was nod. He eventually found the will to turn away from Her and leave the office.

Outside, in the hallway behind The White Door, Maddyc shook his head. Taking deep breaths, he began to walk back up the hallway to the waiting room. He couldn't stop thinking about Her. She was gorgeous! And he'd be working with Her for the rest of eternity.

He could get to like this job.

David Gilbert



# Unnatural

"Does it look natural?"

These words  
about a cakey and garish makeup mask,  
a mound of teased hair-  
Yet somehow it looked natural on her.

So I put on MY mask  
the one that everyone says looks so natural  
(because if they saw the real me I knew they  
wouldn't like it)

And acted so well I wasn't sure who I was  
anymore

But really, the huge smile on my face was  
gnashing my soul apart.

Then  
someone told me that I'd cared too much about  
what was already gone

All smashed up.

Behind my smile something was shattering like so  
many fragile dreams.

But then,  
you know,  
I can act!  
So I acted through my smile.  
But when she was convinced I didn't care  
(for it doesn't take much to convince someone  
who isn't listening anyway)

I asked her,

"Does my smile look natural? Does it look real?"

Simone Richmond



# Inspiration

Midnight strikes.

The flow of inspiration begins  
From brain.

The little gray cells functioning on high speed,  
To hand,

Fingers curled around a papermate pen,  
My jumbled thoughts are transformed  
Into nonsensical patterns

On a piece of turquoise paper,  
As if an unknown spirit guides my hand.

Close your eyes,  
Pretend to sleep.

See the lines form themselves  
In front of your mind's eye,  
Waving like clotheslines on an autumn day,  
Always out of reach by that one tiny inch.  
Hurry and write them in the flickering light.  
Before the stanzas fade from memory  
And the thought is lost forever.

Place your flashlight on the floor,  
Your pen and paper beside it.  
You sleep 'till almost two a.m.,  
When inspiration hits you again.  
The blankets fall off and  
You awaken shivering in darkness.  
Snatch up your tools and get started;  
Like a caring mother,  
A writer's work is never done.

Next morning you wake exhausted,  
Reluctantly opening your eyes.  
You glance down at the paper on the floor,  
Noting it's indecipherable scribblings.  
Picking it up, a strange smile creeps across your face,  
As you read over the results of your  
Midnight Inspiration.

Serena J. Silver



# Aqua portrait

Her arched back shines  
In the cool blueness  
Of the morning sea.  
Her stroke is strongly graceful,  
And she laughs inside,  
As the waves tickle her arms.  
An artist sits,  
Consumed with her beauty,  
And the lust of the paint,  
As he conveys her image  
On his canvas.  
Capturing her spirit and warmth  
In his brush,  
It caresses his work with color.  
She is an angel, glow-surrounded,  
Sparkling brighter than the water  
Which supports her.

The gentle waves grow stronger,  
Harsher, harnessing her strength  
In their own.  
She gasps, drawn in by the waves,  
As she grapples for the bank,  
And the comforting sand.  
The artist looks on, motionless,  
Waiting for her form to emerge  
From the white capped waves.  
She comes, like a swan  
From the sea, a mermaid, or  
Shard of seaglass washed ashore.  
Having craved for the sand,  
She hugs it close,  
Running her glassy cheek  
Along its gritty soul.  
The artist rises  
And leaves the scene,  
Clutching his visual image  
Of her, still strong and at peace,  
Before the harsh waves  
Descended.

Nicole Diamond





*Photo by someone very, very special*

**Eddie's got the POWER!**



Immerse

(i murs) to involve deeply;  
absorb.

Camp Life









# The Laundry

The laundry service at Buck's Rock is quite good, actually. Oh, once in a while there's the announcement, "If you see this camper's laundry in your bag bring it to the office," (as if you'd do anything else with it). But the only socks of mine that ever came back blue were the ones that started out the same way. Your clothes come back clean, folded, and complete with an invitation to the E&R Laundry 50th Anniversary Gala (just kidding). Seriously, they do fold your clothes, but if you want to have them ironed, you'll have to go to Silkscreen or Sewing and borrow an iron. And everything gets thrown into the machine together, so if you want to separate lights and darks, either share with your friend and put all your lights in one bag and the darks in another, or wash your non-colorfast clothes by hand.

Of course there was the time last week when I saw an E&R worker unloading the truck in 100-degree heat and getting big sweat stains all over my personalized hand-tie-dyed T-shirt...but that's another story.

Rosé Platt



Photo by Alex Couri



# The Canteen



The canteen is the one camp institution where things like candy, soda, chips, pretzels, and ice cream can be bought, along with other items necessary for your health and sanity during the many weeks of camp. Before camp, your parents send in a check which becomes your "canteen account". But be forewarned: the stuff you get from the "shopper" or rolls of film that you send off to be developed are also deducted from this account; and if you go over the amount in your account then your parents have to send another check. They tally up your balance at changeover, so that for the second month, you'll know just how much you've spent and how much you have left. There's no limit to how much you can spend each day.

Canteen is always open from 6:45 p.m. until the lines go down. Sometimes it's open in the morning, usually from 8:30 or 8:45 on. In the morning, however, you can only buy toiletries or yogurt. No candy or soda is allowed until after the last meal of the day—and remember to brush your teeth, dear!

Rose Platt





# THE DiSPENSARY

You walk in at ten to nine and Linda greets you with, "Wait behind the red line." You look around and notice that there isn't a red line. You inform her of this fact and she replies, "That's the point."

Now it's finally your turn to get your "meds." They take out your little sister's bag. "No," you tell Annie, and repeat your name. Then the nurse takes out **your** plastic ziploc bag. Your orange vitamin and blue antibiotic go "plop, plop" as they fall into a one ounce medicine cup. You fill a small dixie cup with water or Gatorade and swallow your pills. You tilt your head back and pull the hair from your face as Astrid or Lizzie puts eyedrops in your left eye.

The gong rings, and it's off to shops. You leave with your unfinished Gatorade and dump it in the first garbage can you see. You walk through the Dining Hall and make a cup of tea (provided it's under 100 degrees that day) to rid your mouth of the nasty medicinal taste. As you leave the Dining Hall, you realize that the whole process will be repeated at ten to nine the following morning.

by Serena J. Silver

## Dispensary Staff

Dr. Burton

Nurses --

Lizzie Evison

Janet Freniere

Annie Schellenberg

Astrid Siemerink

Linda Samuels

Secretary on loan from the office --

Helen Griffith

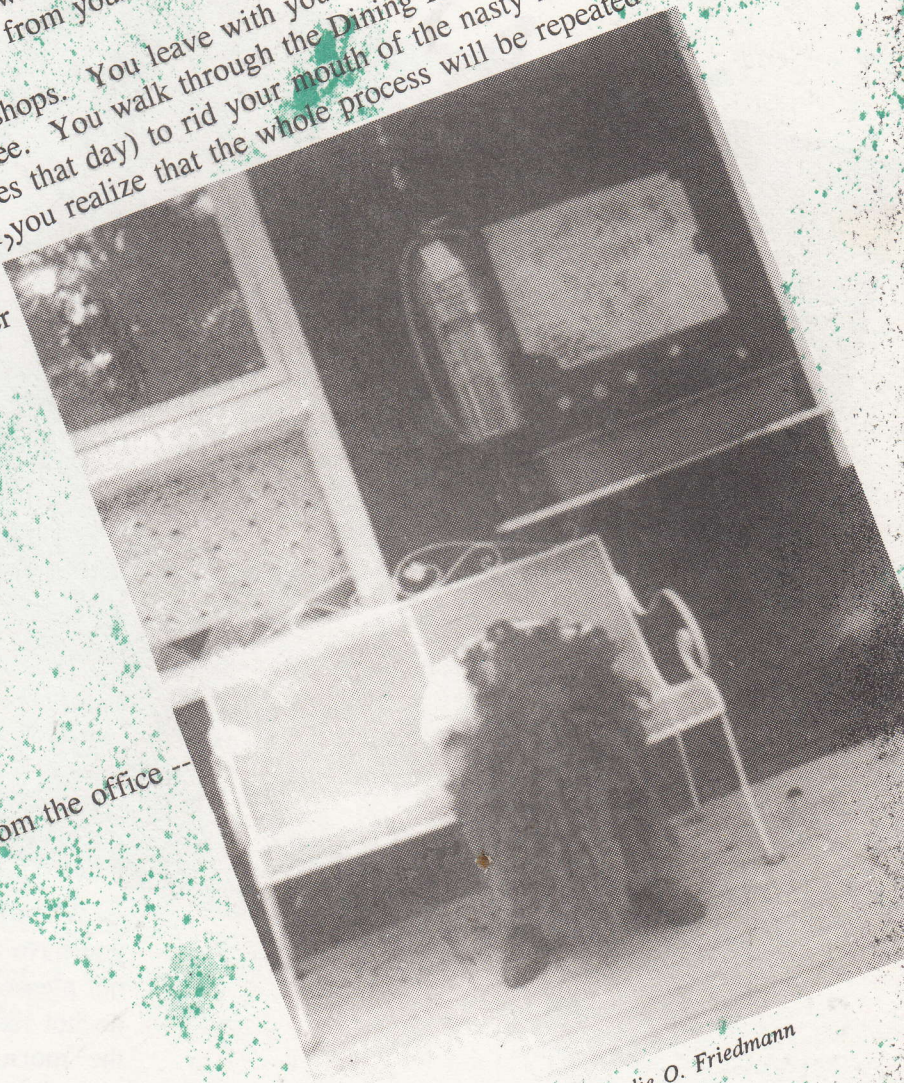


Photo by Alex Court & Gordie O. Friedmann



# A Message in the Office

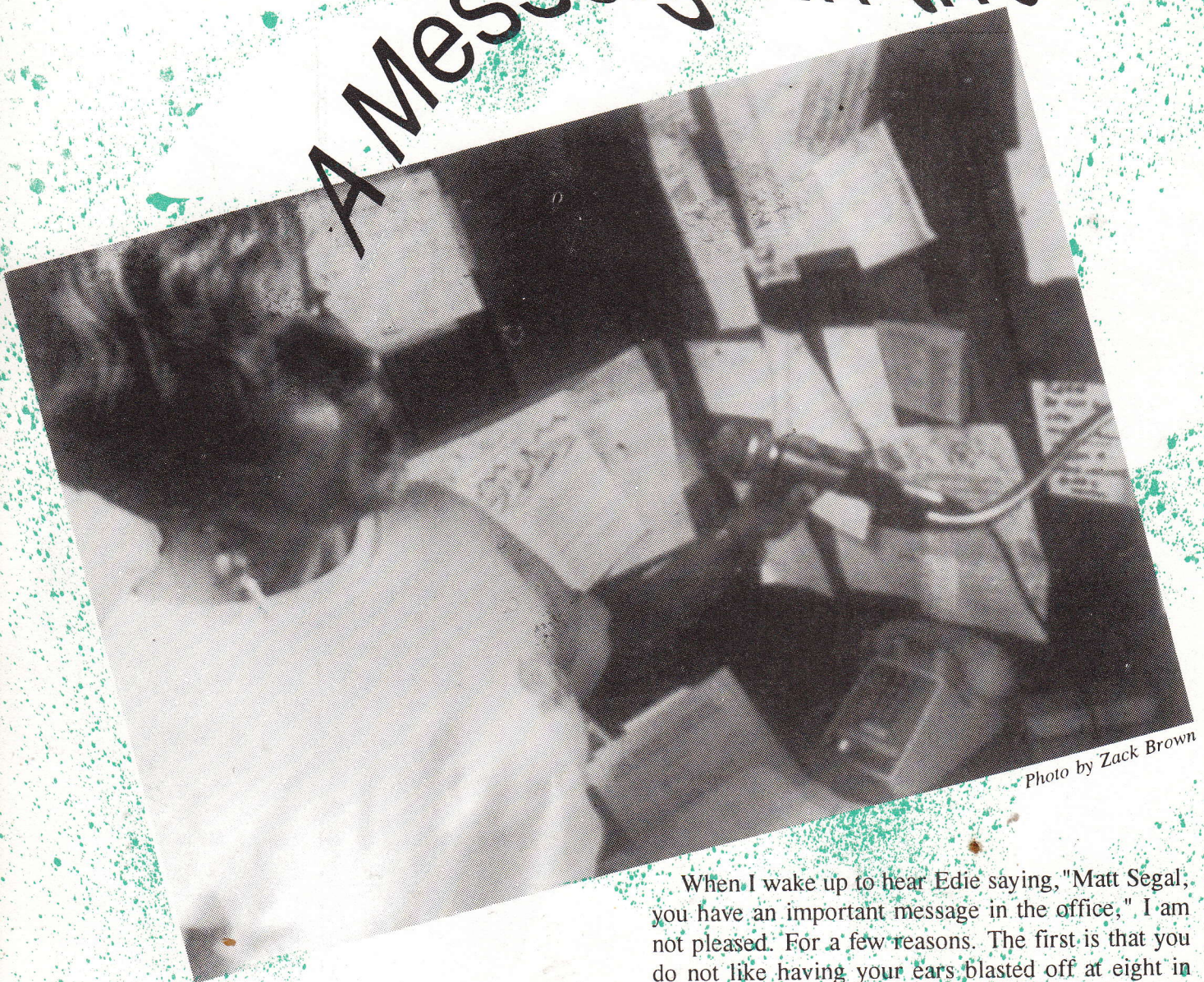


Photo by Zack Brown

When I wake up to hear Edie saying, "Matt Segal, you have an important message in the office," I am not pleased. For a few reasons. The first is that you do not like having your ears blasted off at eight in the morning. The second reason is because the message was not for me.

I know that this does not make sense but I figure: If I am able to have my ears blasted off right when I wake up, why can't the message be for me??

Joelle Yudin



# What an AWESOME Place!

I was introduced to Buck's Rock by YES! Atlanta, an Atlanta based teen program that helps teenagers to see that there are other things in life besides violence. See, unlike most teens around camp, my mom isn't a doctor or lawyer, but she is a caring and hard working person. When they told me about the camp, I wasn't as thrilled as they expected me to be. I was thinking to myself, "I don't want to go hang around a bunch of spoiled rich kids". But, I was taught to have an open mind about things, so I gave this camp a try.

When I arrived, things were different than I thought they would be. People were friendly and tried to meet my every need with a smile. Also, they seemed as though they had the same problems I did.

The bunk that I sleep in is not so luxurious. You could hear the conversation that's going on in the bunk downstairs, but sometimes that could work to your advantage. The kids in boy's cabin are a group of people whom I will never forget. They're nice, concerned, and quite friendly. The counselors for the cabins are: Lee, Roman, Gary, Sam, Peter, and Scott. Believe me, I will never forget them. My favorite counselor though is Lee Hammond; you can call him something of a father figure.

The food here is nothing to get excited about, but for now, it's keeping me healthy. When you go to visit a shop, you're bound to come out with the knowledge enabling you to do something pertaining to that craft.

In all, my experience at Buck's Rock has been  
**AWESOME!**

Darius Lawson

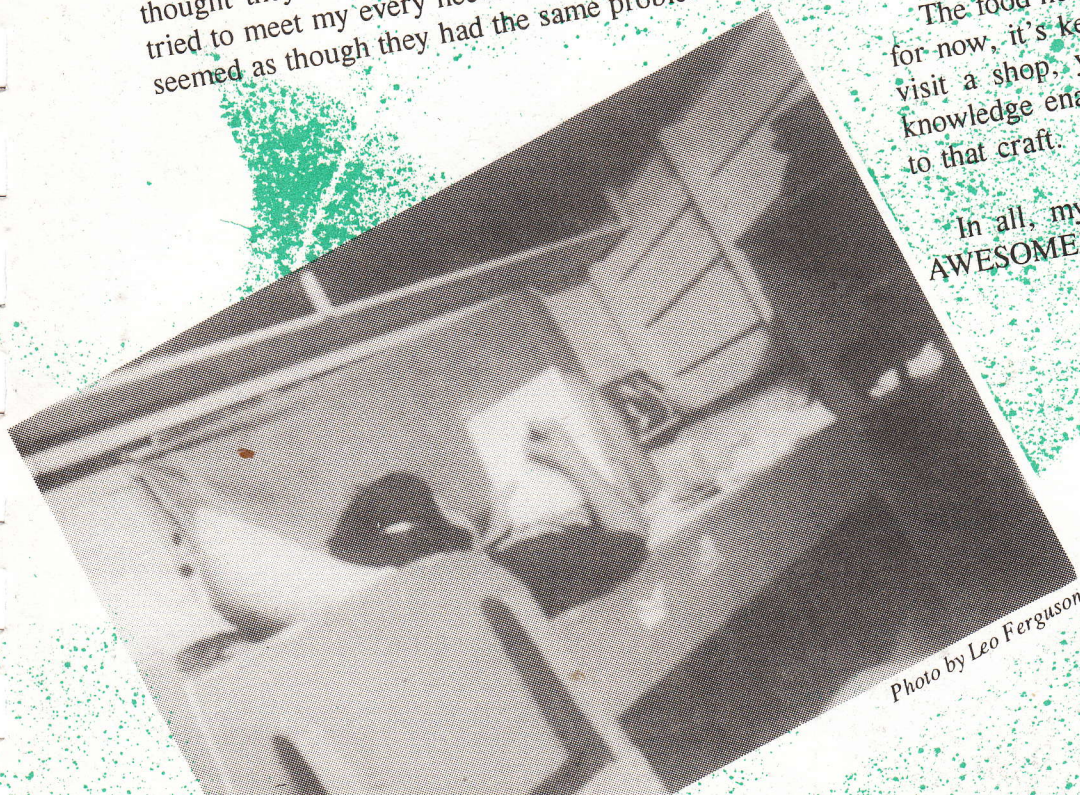


Photo by Leo Ferguson



# GONG!!!

Over its years as an institution at camp, the Gong has developed a mystique. Especially this year, with all the new campers, the rumors have been flying like the Concord. Let's straighten out the facts:

- The Gong is **not** a dimensional gateway; if you step through it you will not go to a planet where everyone looks like Raquel Welch, as was believed a few years ago. However, stepping through it from behind **will** take you to the Fleen Shop. Because there is no gong up there, the portal works only one way. In addition, you have to step all the way through; if you were to put your foot through or straddle the Gong to see part of your body disappear, nothing would happen.

- You **can** play the Gong. Different parts of it produce different sounds. Raffi wanted to include the Gong in the orchestra this year, but the logistics involved in moving it up to the Music Shed were just too difficult.

- The Gong is **not** the Buck's Rock prowler; it does not unchain itself and roll around after put-to-bed; so if you think you've seen it late at night, you've been dreaming. Nigel was once caught trying to play the colonial American game "hoops" with the Gong, but he was severely reprimanded and no one has tried to take down the big metal ring since then.

- The Gong **was** originally a train wheel. The circumstances of its coming to Buck's Rock were quite tragic actually, but it took some brave people much time and trouble to get the damned thing off, and they weren't about to stick around when the train derailed.

Now you know the truth about our beloved signal of wake-up, put-to-bed and everything in between. But please, no matter how confident you feel in your newfound knowledge, **don't sit on the Gong!** After all, there was that time a camper sat on it and it fell down and rolled into the Canteen....

Josh Berson

J.T. 910

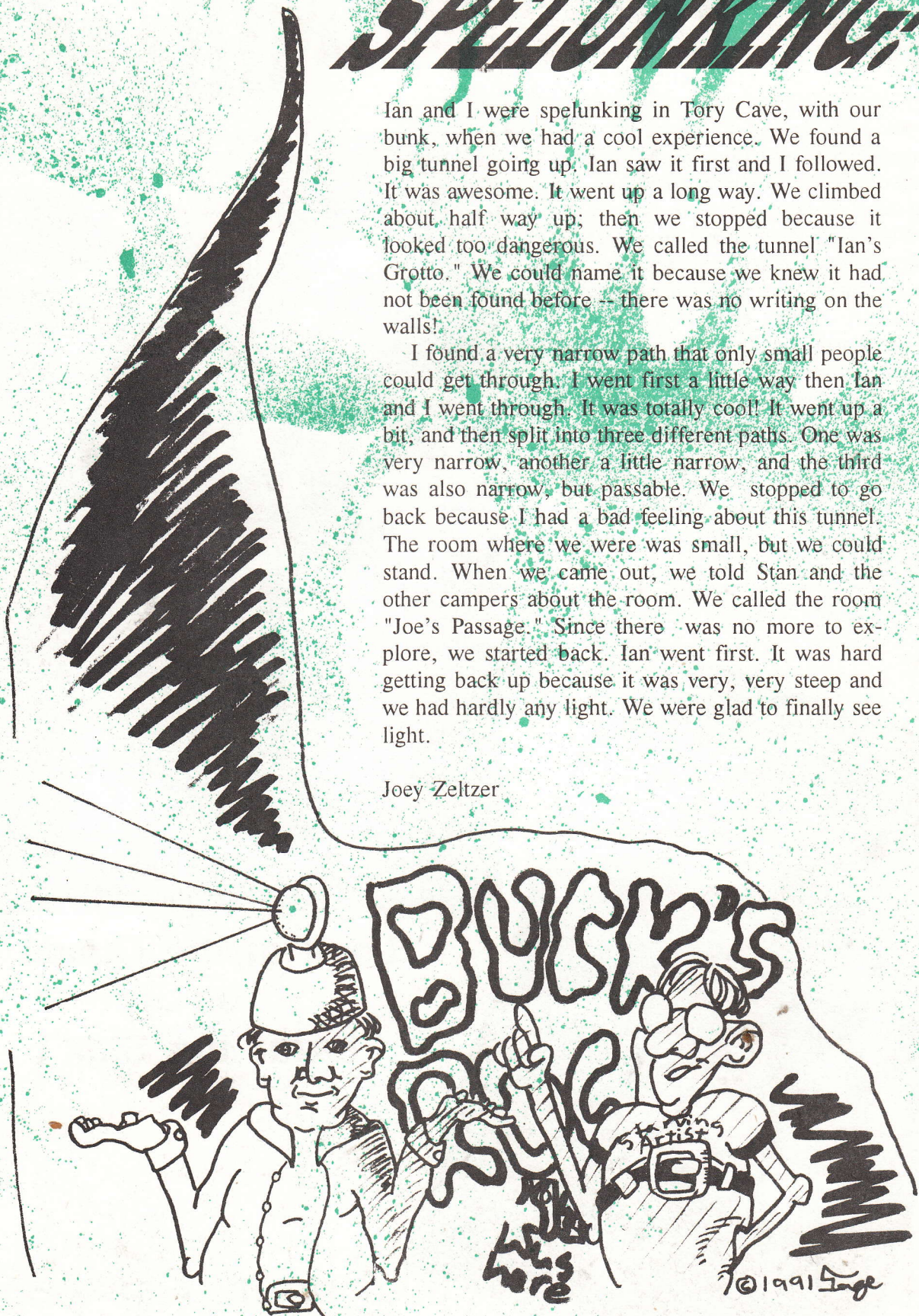


# SPELUNKING!

Ian and I were spelunking in Tory Cave, with our bunk, when we had a cool experience. We found a big tunnel going up. Ian saw it first and I followed. It was awesome. It went up a long way. We climbed about half way up; then we stopped because it looked too dangerous. We called the tunnel "Ian's Grotto." We could name it because we knew it had not been found before -- there was no writing on the walls!

I found a very narrow path that only small people could get through. I went first a little way then Ian and I went through. It was totally cool! It went up a bit, and then split into three different paths. One was very narrow, another a little narrow, and the third was also narrow, but passable. We stopped to go back because I had a bad feeling about this tunnel. The room where we were was small, but we could stand. When we came out, we told Stan and the other campers about the room. We called the room "Joe's Passage." Since there was no more to explore, we started back. Ian went first. It was hard getting back up because it was very, very steep and we had hardly any light. We were glad to finally see light.

Joey Zeltzer



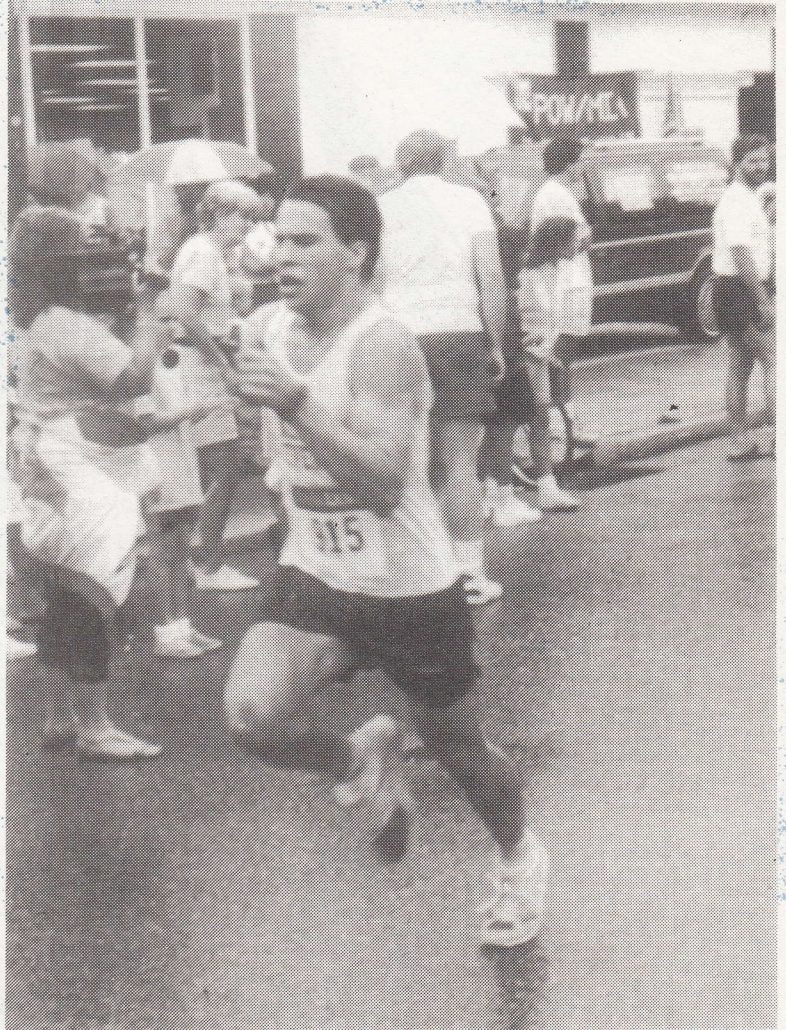


# I Survived the New Milford 8

Roving journalist that I am, I braved the elements to get the scoop on the New Milford Eight.

It was a blur of legs pounding against glazed pavement. Yellow-slickered moral supporters risked life and limb to pass water to runners as they panted by. Other spectators evaluated the runners' form and physique. A number of Buck's Rockers travelled from such exotic lands as Germany, England and Indiana to run this grueling race. To prepare for the event, the runners followed a complex carb diet of pasta perfect and tofu garden pie.

Lewis O'Dending



Look at the Quads  
on  
"Lazar the Star"!



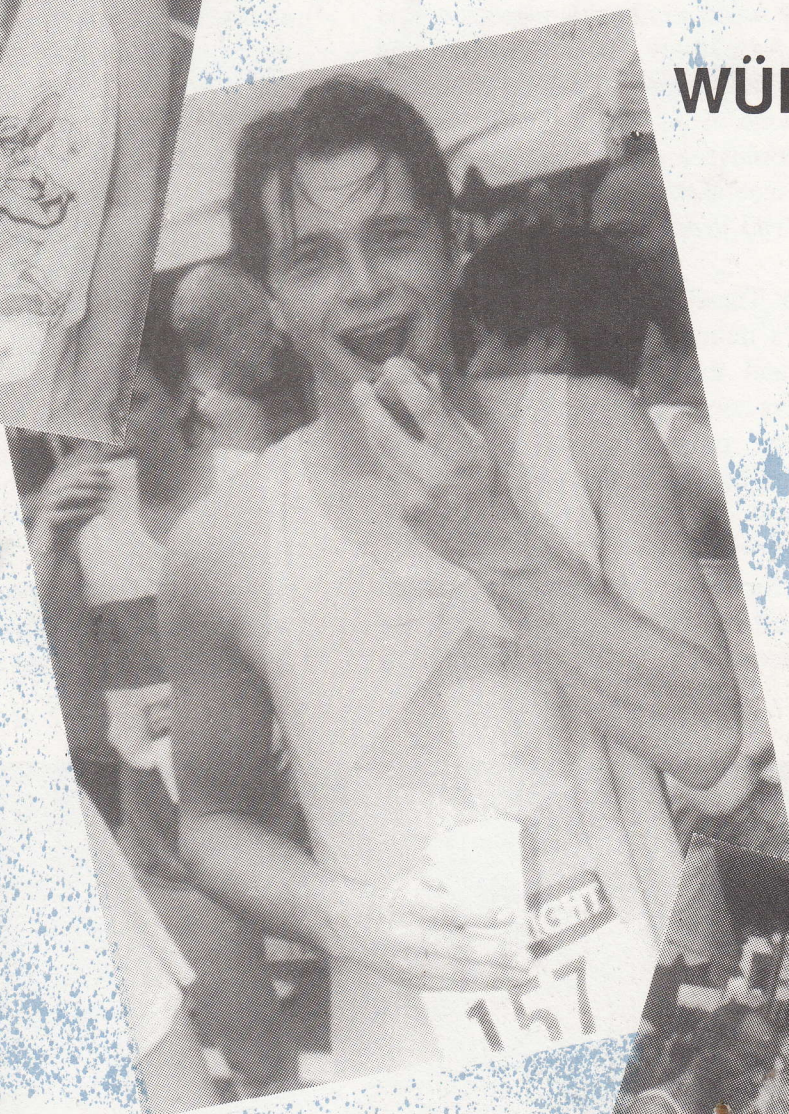
JUST DO IT....AND THEY DID IT!

Craig, Kai, Jon, Ian  
Jody, and John





**"That was a piece of cake!" -Jody**



**"I  
FEEL  
WÜNDERBAR!"  
-KAI**

**'91**



**"I ran as fast as my crazy legs could take me!"  
-Crazy Legs Jackson**

*All photos taken by Ester Ting*



## The Great Tofu Scandal of 1991

Once upon a time, in a camp that time forgot, there lived a kitchen. In this kitchen, chefs, cooks, bakers, potwashers, salad makers, stewards and a dazzling crew of dining room attendants labored together to feed the four hundred campers and two hundred staff of Buck's Rock.

It was often said that the kitchen was the happiest place on camp! Everyone worked together in perfect harmony (especially when the health inspector paid his annual visit!) Admittedly, there was now and again a small bit of confusion, since nearly all the staff went by the name of Al! And, every night at around 8:30, one could see sparks, smoke and the occasional mop fly around the room, as screams and yells rung out: "WHO WAS GOING TO MOP?"

On one particular Tuesday, a crisis threatened to upset Buck's Rock's delicate spiritual balance. It was dinner time, and the first group of hungry campers and staff was converging on the dining hall. Suddenly, out of the mouths of the vegetarians hovering by the salad bar came the words: "What happened to the tofu?"

"I could just kill for some tofu," one disgruntled camper was overheard remarking. "Don't you have any tofu?" another demanded, "what kind of kitchen is this?"

Always dedicated, the dining room staff searched high and low, but none of the mysterious protein could be found. Luckily, Chris, our usually shy and retiring steward, chose this moment, when the dining room seemed on the verge of chaos, to reveal to us his alter ego: Andre the Super Giant.

Without a word, Chris/Andre emerged from the broom closet and strode past the amazed kitchen staff, reaching his long arm to the top shelf and picking some tofu from its resting place. Cheers emerged all around. Buck's Rock was saved. In all the commotion, no one noticed Andre retire and Chris emerge. "Where were you, Chris, when we needed you?" more than one of us asked. But Chris only smiled, the knowing giant in his eyes.

Andre had saved the day and everyone lived happy ever after.

May the force be with you. And also with us -- it's our turn to mop!

THANKS: Nichola, Catherine, Richie the Hearthrob, Andy the Teddy Bear, Whiz kid "I'll be right back" Doug Frenier, the wild and wacky, wishy, washy wet boys: Mike, Jason and Jeremy; and, of course, Al, Al and Al.

Photo by Leo Ferguson



# chefs



# THE MAIL



*Photo by Zack Brown*

I woke up at 7:30 and said in a whisper, "Today. I am going to get mail!" I got out of bed and into the shower. I took a long time because there was absoluteley NO water pressure! I got out and started getting dressed.

I went to breakfast and then went to sign up for print. No one was there, so I left. I was not in the mood to print anyway. I went back to the bunk and brushed my teeth.

I went to jewelry and did some fimo. But I could not concentrate. I am getting mail today! How can anyone concentrate? So I went to sewing to finish my dress.

Lunchtime. Finally!! I have waited so long, and now.... I get back to the bunk and yell, "Did anybody get the mail?" Someone yells back, "There is no mail today, stupid! It's July Fourth!"

Joelle Yudin



# Buck's Rock

## at day A

- 7:30 a.m. - Wake up gong rings too many times and you yell, "SHUT UP!"
- 7:40 a.m. - Counselor walks into your room and says, "Get out of bed!" Nobody moves a muscle.
- 7:41 a.m. - Counselor walks over to you and says, "Wake up!" You mutter, "I'm up, I'm up!" as you turn over and go back to sleep.
- 8:00 a.m. - Breakfast gong rings. You're still in bed.
- 8:15 a.m. - You decide to finally get up.
- 8:45 a.m. - You go to breakfast. See that they have scrambled eggs (again!), grab a spoon, and head over to get some Captain Crunch.
- 9:00 a.m. - Done with breakfast. You walk to the bunk.
- 9:15 a.m. - Work gong rings. You pretend you didn't hear it.
- 9:30 a.m. - Counselor comes into the bunk and tells you to go to an activity. You tell the Counselor you'll go somewhere as soon as your friend is ready.
- 9:45 a.m. - You yell to hurry up, since the Counselor is standing right there.
- 9:50 a.m. - Your friend arrives and you head over to the shop area.
- 10:00 a.m. - You're still asking, "What do you want to do?" Your friend replies, "I don't know. What do you want to do?" You answer, "I don't know."
- 10:15 a.m. - Finally decide to go to Jewelry. You have a temptation to eat the Fimo, but you resist the urge and start on a pair of earrings for Mom.
- 11:45 a.m. - You go back to the bunk.
- 12:00 p.m. - You decide to go to lunch.
- 12:15 p.m. - Waiting on line.
- 12:30 p.m. - Still waiting on line.
- 12:45 p.m. - " " " "



Photo by Leo Ferguson

- 12:50 p.m. - You see what's for lunch, and decide to get peanut butter and jelly instead.
- 12:55 p.m. - "The dining room is closing in five minutes" announcement comes on.
- 12:58 p.m. - You stuff the rest of your miniscule plum into your mouth and leave.
- 1:15 p.m. - "MAIL!"
- 1:16 p.m. - "Mail is here?" you ask from the door. You run over and wait patiently for a letter addressed to you.
- 1:20 p.m. - Run back to your bunk and tear open your letters from friends or relatives.
- 1:30 p.m. - Spend the rest of your free time writing back to everyone who wrote to you.
- 2:00 p.m. - Decide to go to the water hole with a few of your friends.
- 2:05 p.m. - Get into your bathing suit, and gather up your number 4 suntan lotion and the towel you dyed in Batik.
- 2:15 p.m. - Walk over to the porch and find out the water hole is closed.
- 2:16 p.m. - Very pissed off, since it is 100 degrees, you walk back to the bunk.
- 2:20 p.m. - The counselor on house duty asks you why you're back here. When you



- your bathing suit, she says to hurry up and then get to an activity.
- 2:21 p.m. - Start changing back into your clothes.
- 2:25 p.m. - Counselor screams from outside to hurry up--you decide to take your time.
- 2:45 p.m. - Walk out of the bunk, to find all of your friends waiting for you.
- 2:50 p.m. - Wander aimlessly around the shops.
- 3:00 p.m. - You and your friends decide to go to Photo, get a camera, and take pictures.
- 3:20 p.m. - Snack gong rings. You and your buddies walk over to the dining hall, and each take a chocolate chip cookie, along with a cup of bug juice.
- 3:22 p.m. - You find a table, sit down, and talk.
- 3:36 p.m. - You leave the dining hall, but take another cookie "for the road" (they are chocolate chip, you know)
- 4:00 p.m. - You go back to the Photo Shop to take your film out and return your camera.
- 4:15 p.m. - Wander aimlessly around the shops (you do this often during the day).
- 4:30 p.m. - Go back to the bunk, sit outside, and have a Bargello party.
- 6:15 p.m. - Go to dinner.
- 6:20 p.m. - Wait.
- 6:30 p.m. - And wait.
- 6:40 p.m. - And wait some more.
- 6:45 p.m. - You get in, but all of your friends have to stay behind. You grab a tray and some silverware, get your dinner, and walk over to the door, telling your chums you'll find a table and save them some seats.
- 6:48 p.m. - You see them enter and give them a wave to let them know where you are sitting.
- 6:59 p.m. - You leave the dining hall and run over to the canteen.
- 7:05 p.m. - Get to the front of the line, and order your usual A&W Cream Soda (with the limited edition Joe Cool can) and a Whatchamacalit.
- 7:10 p.m. - Hang out by the ping pong tables.
- 8:30 p.m. - Go to the evening activity.
- 10:30 p.m. - Put-to-bed gong rings, but you still talk to your friends in the bunk next door until the Counselor comes and kicks you out.
- 11:00 p.m. - Counselors turn the lights off, but your friend quickly turns them back on, since she needs the light to brush her teeth.
- 11:15 p.m. - Counselor comes back in and says, "I could've sworn I turned these lights off. Oh well." Everyone laughs and snickers, and the Counselor turns the light back off.
- 11:30 p.m. - Everyone starts talking and screaming.
- 11:35 p.m. - The other bunk knocks on the wall, telling you to shut up, but, of course, you don't.
- 11:45 p.m. - The Counselor comes in and tells you to be quiet.
- 1:00 a.m. - You finally lie down, and wish everyone else a "good night."
- 1:15 a.m. - Start to drift off to sleep, thinking of the hard day you had.
- Michelle Solomon



# The Female CITs In Tents Almost Die On The Night Of The Storm

**2:15 am:** Rikki wakes up to the not-so-comforting noise of thunder. Scared out of her mind, she grabs a handful of Ali's hair in the hope of waking her. Ali keeps on sleeping and, Rikki, out of options, decides to brave the storm and the darkness. She goes back to sleep.

**2:30 am:** A pull on Rikki's hair wakes her from a peaceful slumber (not). Rikki painfully removes Ali's hand from her hair and replaces it with her own. They hold hands and whimper with fear as the lightning illuminates the tent (always with the possibility of revealing a strange man holding an axe).

**2:45 am:** As Liz and Jen wake up, a great weight falls against Ali and Rikki's "wall". An axe murderer? A tree? A power cable? Is the tent collapsing? Frightening thoughts fly through all of their heads in the two seconds that it takes Ali to make a mad dash to the center of the tent. As Ali collides with a tall object, Liz, Rikki, and Jen pray fervently that it is their fan and NOT a human being. Still not quite sure what Ali bumped into, they let out four shrill screams followed by crazed laughter.

**2:55 am:** Johanna Silverman, accompanied by "The Unnamed Savior", hears the repeated screams from Tent #1. Scared and confused, the two inhabitants of tent #2 venture across the "street" to tent #1 to find out whether or not their friends are dead.

**2:56 am:** Johanna enters tent #1 and finds Rikki, Liz, Jen, and Ali crouching in Jen's and Liz's beds. Following Johanna, "The Unnamed Savior" enters tent #1 and is greeted with screams of surprise and fear due to his unexpected arrival. After the initial response to the "Unnamed Savior", the tentees realize that this tall, dark, handsome and funny "Savior" is actually comforting to have around. The tentees decide to keep the "Savior" for a while to calm their nerves.

**3:00 am:** Someone's alarm goes off. The five tentees begin to calm down. Ali and the Savior go outside to see what actually did hit the "wall". What they discovered was a makeshift swimming pool hanging from the roof of tent #1.



BY TEFENBRUN 910





Photo by Rikki Bishop

**3:07 am:** They all determine that water has filled up their tarp and it has collapsed. "Gee, that's swell!", they all exclaim. The tentees also determine that they could have died or re-enacted the lovely tornado scene from "The Wizard Of Oz". They give free tours of the tent and "pool" to passing JCs.

**3:15 am:** All go to sleep. Johanna stays and the Savior leaves. They play musical beds. What fun. They each learn how to fit two people in beds too small for one. Liz moves around the room, testing out each bed to see which one is to her liking. She picks Jen's, Rikki's and Ali's. Johanna sleeps soundly in Liz's bed until 9:30 am.

**9:30 am:** Nigel and Sam Mazarella come to fix the tent. They inform the women of tent #1 that if it weren't for the tennis balls on top of their tents, they would surely have perished in the storm and been tentless (not that it would have mattered if they were dead). Tennis balls saved their lives? The tents don't seem to be as sturdy as Ed had thought.

**10:00 am:** They all deny that they were scared, laugh off the experience and tell each of their friends a story which gets more and more interesting and dramatic as the day goes on--after all, they did almost DIE!!!

Rikki Bishop



The stables is a really interesting place where really interesting things happen to the really interesting people who go there.

There are lots of interesting horses in lots of interesting stalls with lots of interestingly colored harnesses on them.

Along with the very interesting water and manure fights, which are still going on from last year and which are very interesting, there is a new game called "See How Many Flies You Can Kill With A Horse Crop."

Steven Goodings, one of the riding counselors, brings with him, from England, the latest technology in fly-swatting crops.

Lessons are also very interesting, especially when the crazy, one-eyed, limping cat races across the ring before he becomes track kill. Sitting trout (we mean trot) and being dragged by a crazed horse across a field of prickles really doesn't hurt as much as it sounds.

Beware of the fenced off area where the long grass grows, because 500-pound ticks have been seen eating coyotes whole in one big gulp.

You shouldn't be afraid of the horses; they are really very nice. After they have had their small child for the day they are completely harmless.

#### THE HORSES:

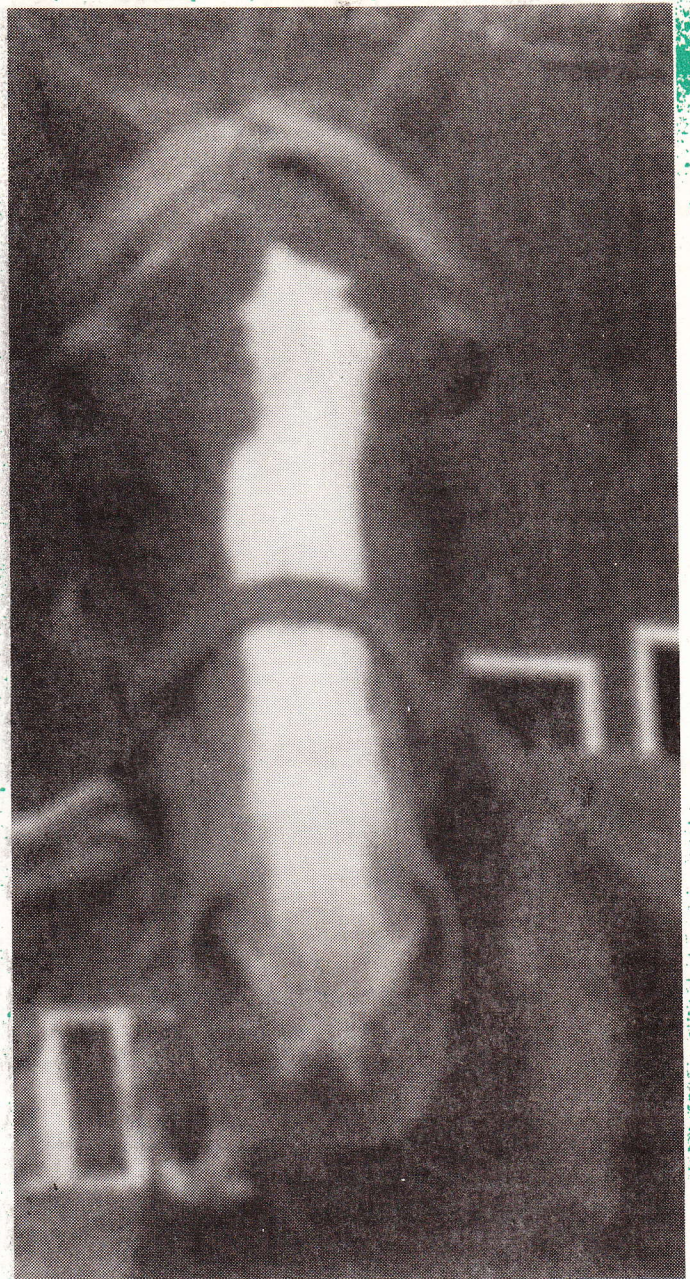
Cheval prefers a blond non-smoker with a great sense of humor.

Starlight Express prefers a small brown male with a fast pace (she likes a challenge).

Silly just is.

Henry has an extremely interesting talent: he has the ability to buck, canter and cough all at the same time.

Kestral is an Arabian horse who loves to cuddle up next to people by a warm fire and read a good book.



*Photo by Daniel Walfish*

Casper is the old man (dirty old man) who likes to come in at night because he is afraid of the dark.

All of the horses at the stables have their own personalities, and they're all good horses.

Jen Harper is our proud J.C. this year and Kerry Cooper and Steve Goodings are our counselors. Kerry likes to sleep in the stables and drench her body in horse fly repellent.

So come to stables. Seriously—riding is fun! If you didn't come this year, then come next summer. We learned to ride here and when we began, we were complete screw ups; now, we're only partial screw ups.

Eva Levinson

# STABLES





# New and

My first year at Buck's Rock Camp has been a very interesting and exciting experience. Coming from Atlanta, Georgia, I had the opportunity to live with and meet different people from all over the world. I also was able to go to shops and experience things that I thought I would never experience. I was really shocked when I learned to develop my own film, sew my own clothing, and, most of all, paint a picture. Those are things I thought I would never do. There are a lot of other things, too, so many I can't name them all. One shop that I really didn't pay much attention to was the Publications Shop. All of a sudden I was attracted to it by a little red-haired lady named Lynda, who always gave me the eye whenever she saw me. "Come on and write an article for the yearbook," she said, which sounded like fun. I didn't want to at first because people have always told me that I had ugly handwriting, but when I went to the Publications Shop all of that changed. Anyway, I am going to try and participate in every shop, because this may be my last time to have this experience.

Ellisha Burston

# Exciting Places



I had heard rumors of "cowbirthing," a pagan ritual celebrated at Buck's Rock, and decided to join in the gathering this year.

We camped at the animal farm for seven nights in anticipation of the virgin birth. Under a waxing moon, we feasted on pizza and bug juice, nectar of the gods. On the eve of the birth, we danced bovinely around a bonfire while chanting our thanks to Bertha, the almighty heifer. We were visited by three sages (Steve, Andy and Matt) bearing grilled cheese sandwiches. Traditionally, the birth occurs when the moon is ripest, but because of the eclipse this year, the calf emerged in the full glory of day. The blessed one seemed unaware of its role in the cosmic order.

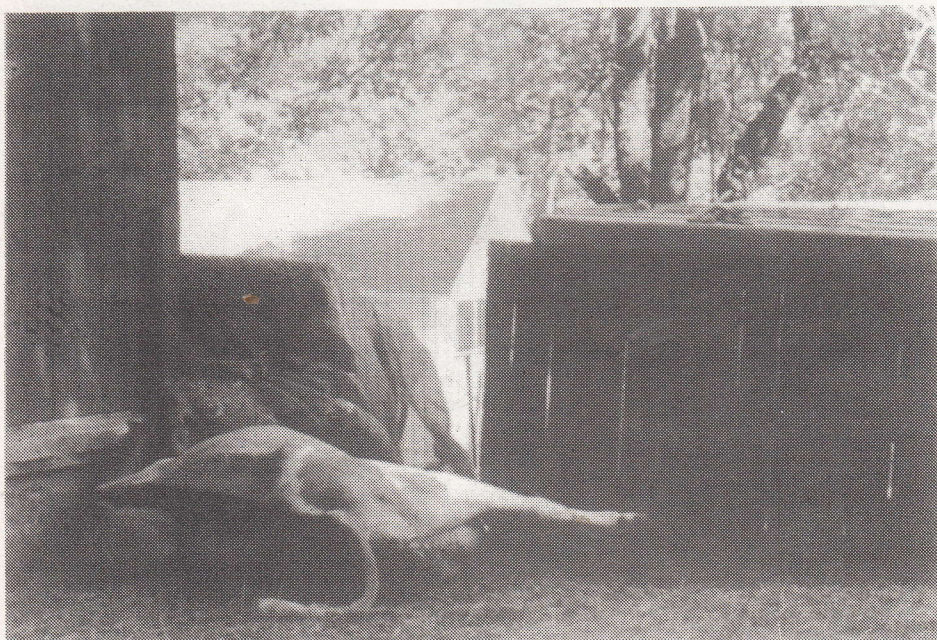
For the first time, this ancient ritual has been captured on film.

Lewis O'Dending

# May in A Manger

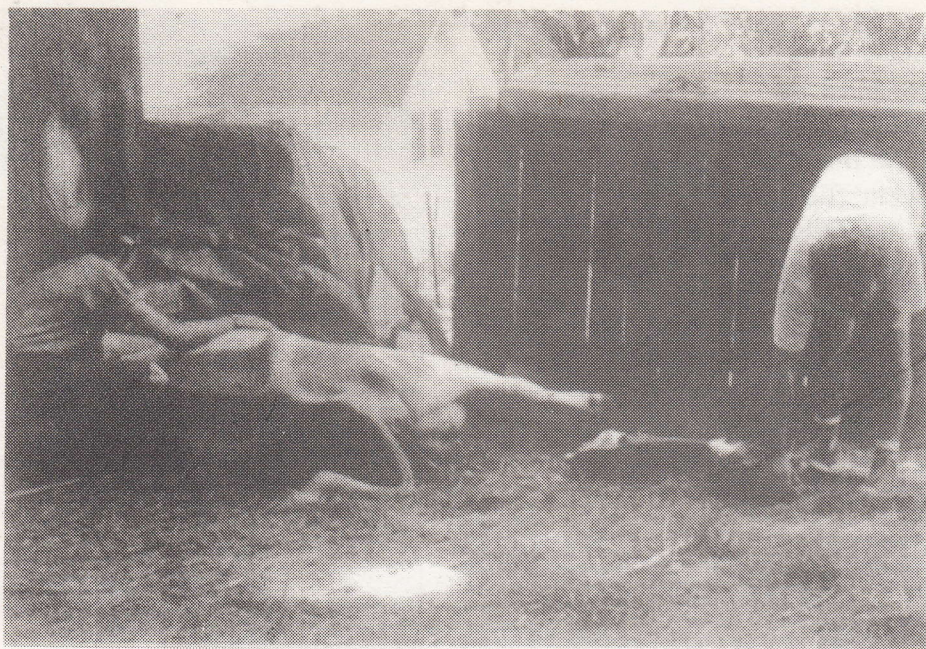


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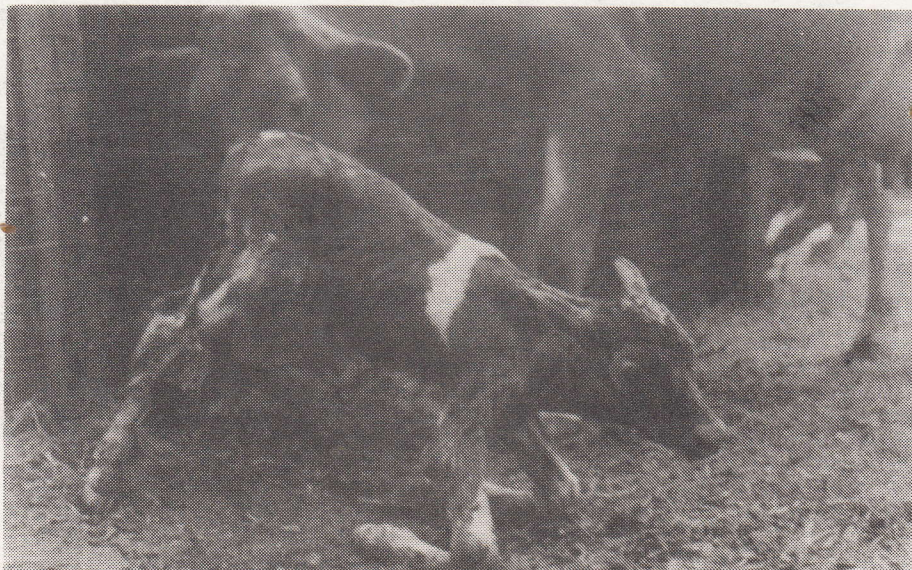




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Photos by Michael V



One of the most important, uniting things about Buck's Rock is its Evening Activities, compiled by those ever-present Ken dolls, Niko and Dave. We've had our magicians, clowns, talent shows and Buck's Rock Bowls, in addition to some really rockin' flicks (e.g. The Princess Bride, The Freshman, and Driving Miss Daisy). We've been excitedly thrust into that 70's roller-skating craze, and those of us who are culturally illiterate have been exposed to dance, theatre, and music. Because Evening Activities are the shop every camper does at least once, Niko and Dave have worked hard to make them really groovy.

Rebekah Winters

# EVENING ACTIVITIES





The CIT's of 1991 had lots of F.U.N., and, mixed with some original pearls of wisdom, here's a sample of what we'll all be doing twenty years from now:

Andrew Gaines — Lounge Lizard Extraordinaire  
Vanessa Bartko — Owner of a Take-away Restaurant  
Lauren Seidman — Riding that Red Truck (Yeah, that one!)

Jesse Bonderman — Sears & Roebuck Catalog Model  
Jessica Slater — Running the Canteen and Knowing Everyone by Name  
Jazz Winkler — Space Traveler (by Train)  
Lee Kind — Taxidermist for the Museum of Natural History  
Nina Wolarsky — Star of XXX Movies  
Hannah Goodman — Psychoanalyzing Saddam Hussein for CNN  
Josh Kizner — Still Blowing after all these Years  
Andrea Weiss — The Lion from *The Wizard of Oz*  
Rachel Garelick — Romance Novelist  
Jason Baumgarten — Buck's Rock Prowler  
Kate Hagmann — Stabbed with a Seam Ripper  
Susan Faber — Italian Opera Singer  
Jeremy Tiefenbrun — Twenty Years Older Chronologically  
Jen Karper — Motorcycle Mama  
Rachel Lutwick — Women's Activist in the Sculpture Shop  
Mike Prywes — The New Mr. T  
Ali Levy — Pregnant Revolutionary  
Phyllis Asher — Voluptuous  
Adam Stofsky — Ronald McDonald  
Lisa Ventry — Still Hiding from Fans across the Globe  
Erinn Heilman — Nightclub Bouncer  
Casey Masback — The San Diego Chicken  
Paulina Nissenblatt — Beautiful Poet  
Rikki Bishop — Cradle-robbing Owner of Buck's Rock  
Ari Bassin — Gynecologist  
Karen Silverman — Picking her Headband from her Scalp  
Susan Lutin — Playing the Title Role in *The Gloria Estefan Story*  
Austin Cadore — A Puppet  
Amy Isikoff — Strangled by her Own Braid  
Jen Michel — Chairperson of the American Beef Council  
Jason Shyer — Proprietor of Krazy Vin's  
Tia Keenan — One of the Gorgeous Ladies of Wrestling (GLOW)  
Tina Chan — MVP of a Women's Softball League  
Gabe Pagano — A Neurosurgeon  
Jeni Aron — Head of the First Jewish Mob Family  
Margot Schulman — Coordinated  
Rick Budd — Still Waiting for the Zeppelin Reunion  
Jessica Yager — A Woman, Hear her Roar  
Gabi Weiss — Married to Flea with Thirteen Children  
Gen Weart — Dead  
Emily Gitter — Buck's Rock Guitar Instructor  
Melissa Schaefer — Flounder in the Live-Action Version of *The Little Mermaid*  
Noah Tarnow — Robin in the New Batman TV Series  
Michelle Werner — Married to Jordan Beck  
Jodi Sherman — Owner of a Tootsie Roll Factory  
Alex Saltzman — Host of "Family Feud"  
Ali Grogins — Arrested for Indecent Exposure  
Beth Weisman — Founder of the Traveling Cloggers  
Ben Boothby — Cross-Dressing Kindergarten Teacher  
Keri Chaimowitz — Dancer at the Copacabana  
Blake Goldmerstein — President of the PTA  
Jason Greenberg — Chippendales Dancer

♡ Treasure what is not written. • Do not belittle the joy you make for yourself. — Sandra J. Platt ♣ I had a run-in with the administration and survived with Lee Kind's assistance.... I thank Celestial Seasonings Herbal Tea (Psycho) for my summer... (that was too beautiful). — Paulina Nissenblatt ♦ Paradise calls! — Alyce Waxman ♥ 'Twas great! Now back to my nightmare... HEY! — Noah Tarnow ♠ The noise my bed makes when I move an inch. — Blake Goldmerstein ♣ '!@# happens; %^&\* is always happening; before you're born < ? ~ } happens; it might not be your \*^\$@ but it happens. Do they sell non-♠ ♣ ♠ ♠ happening insurance?' • Where's psycho? • Outrageous! — Lee Kind ♦ 'Dare to be stupid!' (Weird Al Yankovic) • 'I need a Vegomatic.' (*ibid.*) • Bayo to your mother. — Jaime Lester ♥ Yes, I am a CIT. — Joshua Kizner ♠ Stay gold. It's pleasant to know that in fifteen or twenty years some of you will be as prominent as Paul Simon or Alan Alda (former Buck's Rockers). Good luck in your lives. — Michael Prywes ♣ Where there's smoke there's fire. — Gabe Pagano ♦ 'Always Something' There to Remind Me' (Naked Eyes) — Tina Chan ♥ I was working as a waitress in a cocktail bar (serving bananas, of course).... Kate (banana brain) Hagmann ♠ These two months that I had with you were such good times. I still love you. (Banana brains forever!) • By the way, what's a Geha? — Rachel Garelick ♣ Bob Eggers would have something to say about that one, buddy. — Casey Masback ♦ 'Hello, McFly!' (*Back to the Future* series) — Marisa Ross ♥ 'Do what you must do and do it well.' (Bob Dylan) — Josh Ilutzi ♠ Too much thinking, talking, not enough living. — Ben Boothby ♣ Question of the summer: if you could have any two liquids in your breasts, what would they be? (and being a CIT is more fun than being a camper!) — Amy Isikoff ♦ 'I am a Bear of Very Little Brain and long words Bother me.' (A.A. Milne) — Paul Tuchmann ♥ There is a sunshine in my feeling. — Jeffrey Paul Bobrick ♠ 'I always laugh at everything for fear of having to cry.' (Pierre de Beauchance) — Phyllis Asher ♣ Four score and seven years ago — isn't that *Hamlet*? — Andrea Weiss ♦ Spit-VAP — VAP ♥ high (hi), babie (baby) AP ♠ (*continues...*)



Marisa Ross — Attending Triscuits Anonymous  
 Johanna Silverman — Sushi Connoisseur  
 Alex Watts — Lumberjack  
 Sandra Platt — Owner of UPS  
 Alyce Waxman — River Phoenix's Wife's Best Friend  
 Jon Freidman — Leading Jungle Safaris  
 Jaime Lester — The Beaver  
 Emily Salzfass — Gonzo  
 Josh Ilutzi — Bartender and Lifeguard at Cancun  
 Jesse Farber — President of the US  
 Zack Brown — The Man  
 Paul Tuchmann — Mike Brady  
 Liz McCann — Owner of Seven Purple Dogs Named Rex  
 Charlie Alterman — Obnoxious Casting Director  
 Nate Schierman — Book Bag Salesman  
 Ethan Ubell — The Messiah  
 Paul Hirsch — Shopping Mall Santa Claus  
 Josh Berson — Head of the Pub Shop  
 Dave Stein — Laugh Track for "Who's the Boss?"  
 Paul Barman — Jack Torrance in the Remake of *The Shining*  
 Jeff Bobrick — Male Prostitute  
 Erica — Captain Kangaroo's Understudy  
 Stefan — Regrouping his band "Focus" for a Farewell Tour  
 Luc — A Quivering Bowl of Jell-O  
 Don — The Fonz  
 Sheila & Tracy — Joining Forces to Fight Fire across America  
 Aaron — An Usher at the Circus  
 Gus — The Italian Stallion



Jen Michel

do you bite your thumb at me?/I bite my thumb but not at thee.' (Shakespeare)—Jen Michel♣I, Jessica Slater, leave: • one half of my brain, my snapping  
 finger, and a lot of love to Jen Aron; • my "wit" and humor to Beth Weisman; • my buddy "Elaine", and a promise of a place to stay in Brooklyn anytime to  
 Rachel Lutwick; • evening therapy sessions and unlimited courage to Hannah; • to Blake, a million more years of friendship (and a tube of M-7).—Jessica Sla-  
 ter♣ Last Will & Testament of Jeni Aron: • my shuffling expertise to Amy; • "What you looking at...load, load" to Hannah; • a little irritating itch and Saltines  
 Blake; • oh, just a hair, snap list, annoying followers, plus a great summer and lots of love to Brooklyn girl Jess Slater; • hot chocolate—nope, don't want  
 y and your coal miner's style for Rachel Lutwick; • my gangster accent to Paulina, Nina & Joanna G.; • to Melissa Schaefer, her sit-up obsession.—Jeni  
 Aron♥ Obsession is when you want something, love is when you already have it.' (Ezra Feinberg)—Hannah Goodman♣ Heinous! • Raunchy! • Bad!! • Love to  
 the folks at Sculpture.—Rachel Lutwick♣ Life's like a movie—write your own ending and keep believing, keep pretending we've done just what we set out to  
 do.—Keri Chaimowitz♦ Live, love and learn, §! j happens.—Gen Weart♥ Tubing...I lost my virginity to a rock.—Michelle Werner♣ Penis.—Paul Barman♣ We  
 much Ourselves, but you're welcome to come. • 'Dark is not one of my favorite colors.' (Ralph the all-purpose animal) • It wasn't a melon at all—but a human  
 ad! • People could die, Adam! • Facts of Life= Mooshoo Pork. • Cheese, cheese, cheese your toenails. • Hey, Free Dummy! • King Lear Crossing • Jungle  
 Juice • All our love to F.M.I.D.—Emily Salzfass & Jodi Sherman. ♦ We are but carbon-based.—Paul Hirsch♥ I never remember times or dates...just feelings. • And  
 the cup runneth over with our love.—Jason Baumgarten♦ Don't you hate it when you fall asleep, and your covers come off, and you're all sticky?—Andy  
 Bines♣ Tutti la Frutti—Hitt-n-runn.—Stefan♦ pepper sunlight—Liz McCann♥ Wakey wakey!—Gus♣ Gimme the Bastille Day—it's sick...—Rikki Bishop♣ If  
 y were right then I'd agree, but it's them they know, not me.' (Cat Stevens)—Jen Karper♦ If thought possesses the feather dust, then someday i may  
 —Erica♥ • All hell broke loose.' (John Milton, 1667) • I don't want to go.—Josh Berson©



On Friday, August second, there was a tea and croquet party on the septic field outside Girls' Cabins and the leather shop. The idea was borrowed from Lewis Carroll's *Alice in Wonderland*. True to the events described in this classic, Buck's Rockers appeared in the costumes of the Wonderland characters that are so well known. There were various playing cards, Mad Hatters, March Hares, Alices, and several Queens of Hearts. But Dean Xavier was a focus of attention (So, what else is new?). Dressed in an elaborate Queen of Hearts costume, he made sure he had plenty of ladies-in-waiting and insisted on repeating the exclamation "Off with his head!" In addition, many campers donned garments that were simply outrageous, but that had no connection with Wonderland. Jelly beans and cake were served. Afterwards, the guests played croquet, of course.

The event was planned by Marc Forby, who arrived in a Mad Hatter outfit, and Jennifer Dorf, dressed as Alice. They hoped to organize an occasion where people could be spontaneously ridiculous. For once, many people were attracted to the septic field, and Alice's Tea Party was a success.

Daniel Walfish

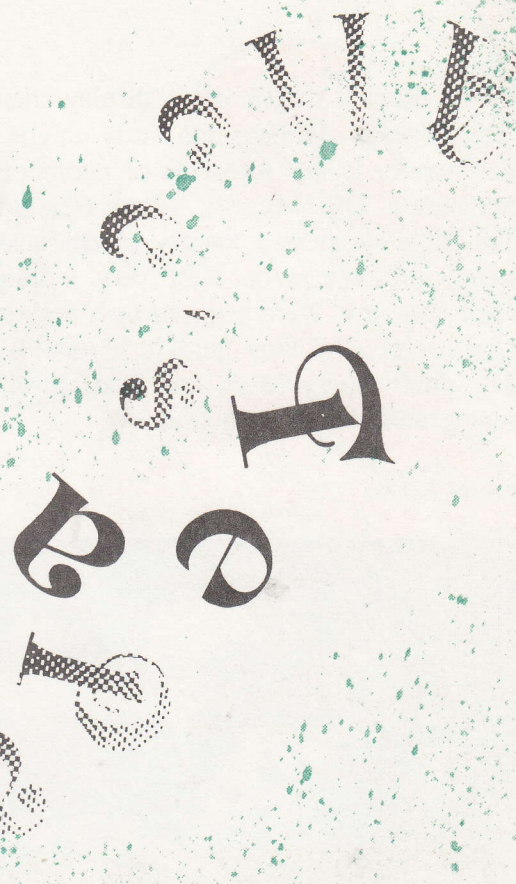


Photo by Daniel Walfish

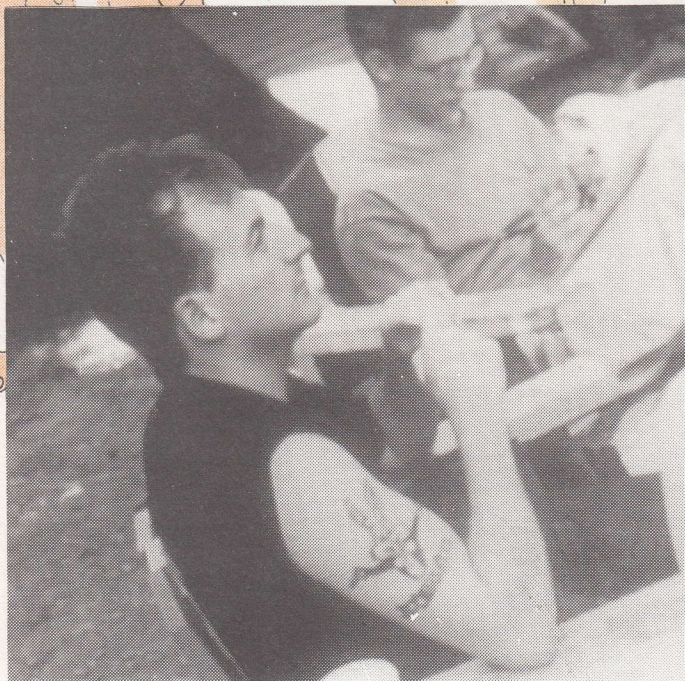


# TATTOO

Buck's Rock's artists often display their talent in unusual ways. Perhaps the most unique forum for staff works is the forearms of campers and other counselors. Bill Murray, Jason Herskowitz, and Phil Pleasant drew a variety of characters, caricatures, and objects on their very willing subjects. These "tattoos" were inspired by a real one worn by a counselor, and they quickly became a camp fad. But, don't worry Mom and Dad; they're done in magic marker and wash right off.

Photos by Gordie O'Friedman

Sandy Ligae





**BUNK PHOTOS**



**SAY CHEESE!**  
**smile**

PRETEND you're happy

**SIT CLOSER**

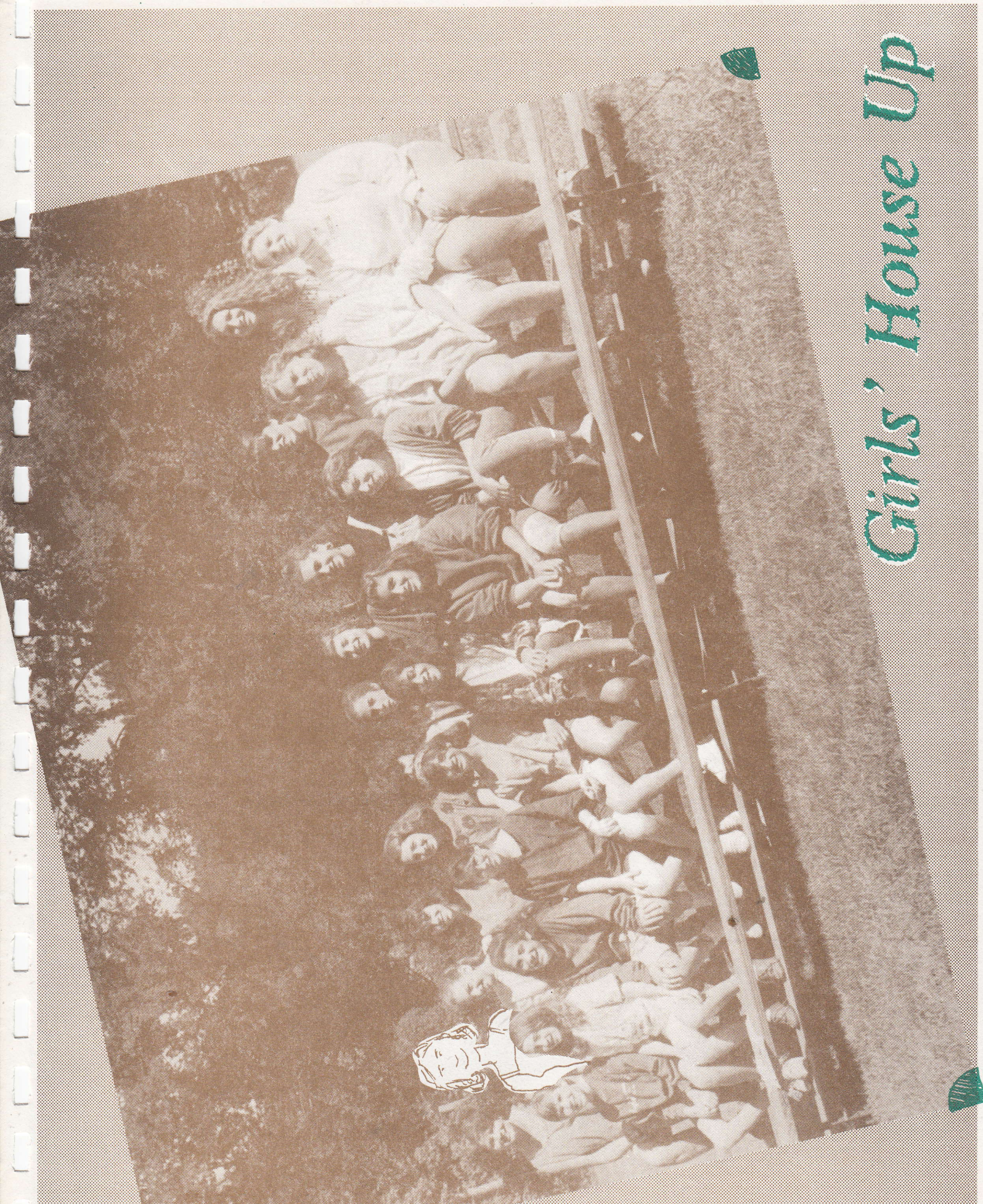
**look at the birdie**

**Oh aren't you cute...I think**

**NOW JUST PUT THIS BOW TIE ON**



# Girls' House Up







*Girls' House Down*



# *Girls' Annex I*





# *Girls' Annex II*







*Girls' Annex Cabins*





# *Girls' Cabins*





*Girls' Terrace*



# August Girls





# August Boys







*Boys' House Up*





*Boys' House Down*



# Boys' Annex





# *Boys' Cabins Down*



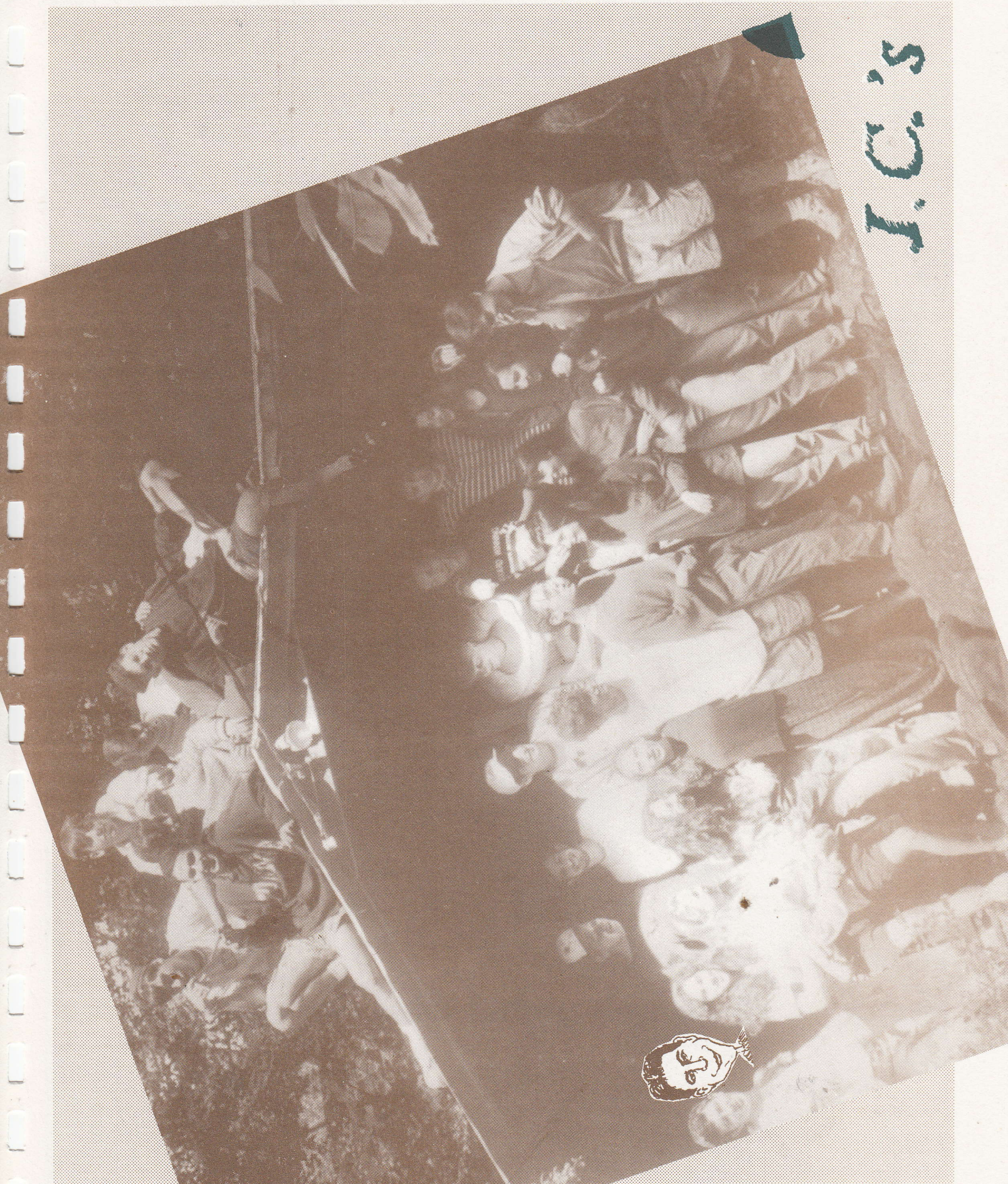


# Boys' Cabins Up





J.C.'s









C.I.T.'s





*Nurses*





# Maintenance





*Awfis*





# Kirchen





# Staff Families





# Missing Links





Photo by Justin Finkle

Someone, somewhere in summertime





# Misfits





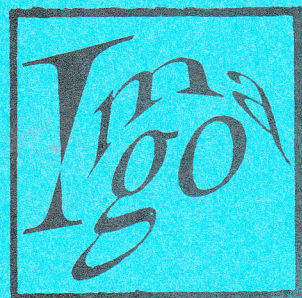




**Impact**

(im pakt) influence; effect.

**Editorials**









# EDITOR-IN-CHIEF

This yearbook is why we've been reading and typing and editing and retyping and hounding people for their articles. Why we've cut, pasted, PMT'd, tacked on the wall, put in folders and scribbled. Why we have been plating and wiping and taping and punching. Why we've pressed, turned, flipped, etched and kicked. Why we've held meetings. Why we've worked nights. And cursed and screamed and cried and torn our hair and bitched and fought and sighed and held X-acto knives in threatening manners and launched plastic spines across the shop and gotten tatoos and given and received backrubs and laughed.

It was worth it.

Whether or not you were on the staff, you have made yourself a part of this yearbook just by coming to camp and working.

I hope you make this yearbook a part of you.

*Josh*



Photo by Zack



# Editor-In-Chief/Moral Support Editor

The mottoes of **IMAGO** are sweet and simple. Effective, yet unimposing. We want this yearbook to be the type of book which, in the winter, when you're curled up on a sofa, or sitting on your bedroom carpet, you can take out, with it's blues, pinks, and purples, and feel a flood of memories wash over you as the pages are turned.

I give my utmost thanks to the following people, without whom I would never have retained my sanity.

My Parents and Jaki: For being my pillars of strength.

The Mison's: For telling me about Buck's Rock.

Liz: For encouraging me to write.

Rachel: For making me laugh.

Sara L.: For "Grover", "Kermit" and "Doogie".

Hannah: For coming up with Milla & Rusty.

Amy: For her creative eye.

Paul: For the many articles that weren't his.

Erica: For being such a godsend when the CIT's were in Boston.

Staci: For making me write this editorial.

Dana, Wendy, Sara, Jenn, & Karen: For putting up with my moods and messes.

Ali: For eating all my Pringles.

David & Adam: For Emmie.

The Pub Shop & Staff: for making all of these 200 pages possible.

P.S. Dana & Wendy -- GEEK PATROL!!



Photo by Jaki Silver

Luv ya,

Jane J. Silver



# ~~ASSISTANT~~ WRITING EDITOR

Right now I'm sitting on my favorite chair at Pub - the blue and yellow one that's missing a slat. Perched here in the Pub Garden, I can see people writing, reading, (their reading material ranges from Bartlett's Familiar Quotations to Star Wars: Heir to the Empire to J Crew) chewing pens, thinking, talking, and laughing. I can hear the noise of the presses - that deafening din whose loudness I never realize until it has stopped - and smell the ink from the offset presses and the wax from batik intermingling and dancing in the air. In just a few weeks of working on the Yearbook, I've learned to love it all.

When I look back at being a part of the Yearbook staff, I forget all the hard work and remember only the rosiness. When you flip through Image, I hope that all sorts of rosy, summer images greet you.

Thanks: Serena and Josh for turning me into a computer whiz; Paul and Hannah for being so patient; the Pub shop and all its counselors; and, of course, the Posse.

Love,  
Erica

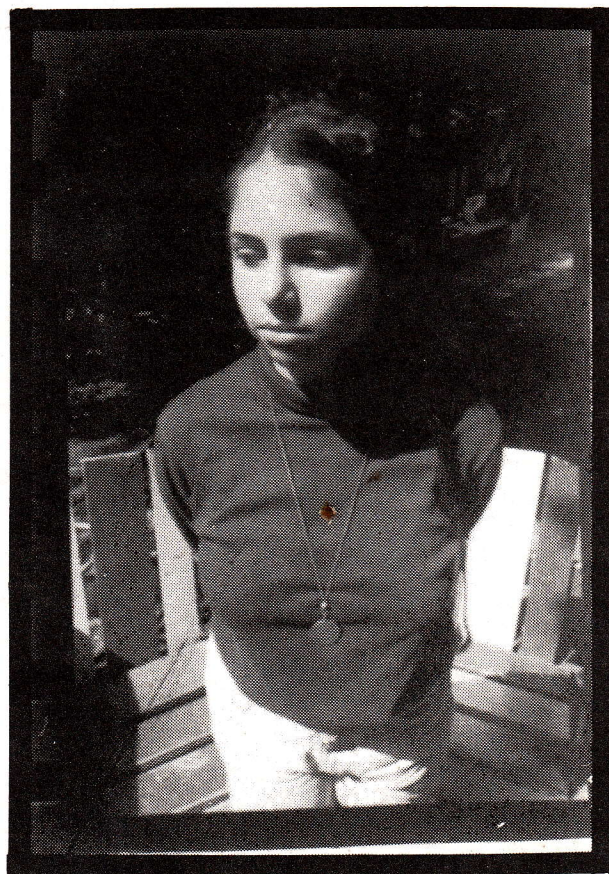
P.S. Because of my computer phobia, I decided not to type this. My handwriting may be ugly and childish,



after it all, none of it matters, does it? not the words that i am putting down right now, or the presses running behind me, or the little lines (are they straight?) of black tape around the photos that the presses are printing, photos made into little dots too light or dark or dusty up in the silkscreen dark-room--emulsion to emulsion, and exposure is the opposite of photography, and yes, finally i know what PMT stands for (photo mechanical transfer) or that i never had time to put a poem in the literary sect. even though originally writing was why i wandered into the pub shop last summer and got railroaded into art and layout...it's my second year now, pasting up and cutting out and running around the shop with an exacto knife hanging out of my mouth (surprising how many people do your bidding when you've got blades between your teeth.) and it doesn't matter how hard we've all worked, or all the times i burst into tears because of some horrible problem in the shop (is there anyone in camp who hasn't seen me crying???) or that not everything written made it past our censors, our censors who we never thought existed, we all had a little imago in our minds about this camp, and it's been destroyed, but that's part of growing up, isn't it, and isn't that just hell? or that it's probably my last summer here and certainly my last yearbook editorship, doesn't matter whether or not this turns out to be a good yearbook, or this week's dilemma turns out this way or that, or this week's pub shop feud turns out this way or that. And even if none of these things matter, well, that doesn't matter either, does it?

so the only thing that matters is that at night i can look up into the sky and fall into the stars, and sometimes for an instant the feeling i get when i've just done something beautiful, or someone else has done something beautiful, and yes, all of the beautiful beautiful people i love, you know who you are don't you, the commune and my friends from home, sunny FLORD-DAH, and my darling bunkmates jess and blake and rach, all the pub people even when they infuriate me, clowns, who i've discovered only bite sometimes, CIT's as a group, and someone else i don't see very often but love very much, and this person certainly knows who i'm speaking of, so i won't bother to explain myself. and with that i must say i am already too long winded. Goodnight moon, goodnight stars, good night buck's rock. good night editorial. goodnight pub. goodnight imago. it's been gorgeous.

i guess that matters, doesn't it?



Amy Isikoff '91

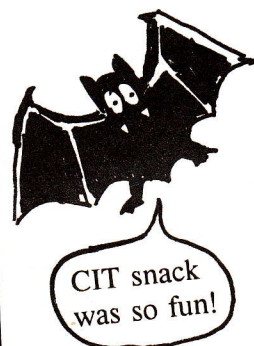


my name is rikki.  
 my real name is ericka.  
 i am asst. art and layout  
 editor. this is my page.  
 it makes me very happy.  
 i love bucks rock. it is  
 a summer to discover.  
 i have discovered a lot.  
 living in a tent is good.  
 except in the rain. i'm  
 a cit. i like serving cit  
 snack. i have three good  
 bunkmates. Liz, Jen and  
 Ali. i like Summer '91 and  
 Summer '91 likes me. SKY,  
 Whaddaya tawkin' about?

TIP \* "morning" \* If we were 14...  
 The pump shop \* BASTILLE DAY!! \*

Co-ed naked volley-pong in the  
 llama pen (w/Dali Llama) while  
 dancing to the tune of "Right  
 Here, Right Now"

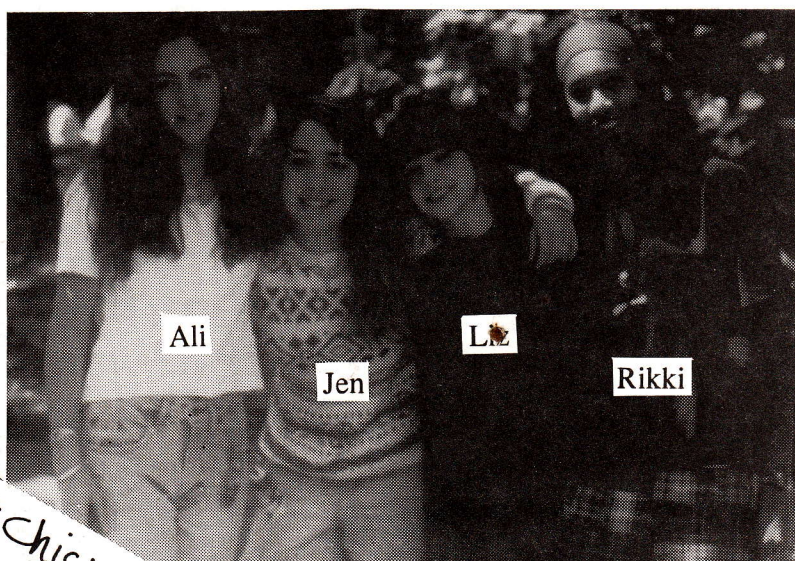
\* Ben: I know  
 how stupid all you teens are,  
 so don't leave your money on the  
 trays/Chicken parm/Top Gun? Dancing  
 With Shirley \*



"Oh What A Night"



← chicken



iloveyoulizalijenskymatt(all of them)

davebothdougsnatehannahmyjencurriejohannaandreavanessaphyllis

momrandy(for the mail)brianleestephen

karl(my alter ego)

louisecraigigelandystewredtruckgrossfoodpeteiarohirotakabonaulbenboothby





# ASSISTANT ART & LAYOUT EDITOR

FOR THIS SUPREMELY GROOVY SUMMER  
AND EXPERIENCE AS ASST. ED. I'D LIKE TO  
THANK; MY MOTHER, MY FATHER, LORI + GREG,  
MY HOUSE COUNSELORS: BIG BERTHA + BUBBLES,  
MY FELLOW LCSTN + CQA, ADAMSIMONMIKE MARC-  
DANDAN-E, CALVIN + HOBBS, THE QUICHE, THE LLAMA,  
ALL THE CLOWNS, TO ALL THE GIRLS I'VE LOVED BEFORE,  
CHINESE FOOD AND OF COURSE PUB!

David '91





# Marc J. Zeltzer

Marc J. Zeltzer  
Production Editor

Production  
Editor

I was born in Great Neck, Long Island, New York on Jan. 28, 1978. Well, I could tell you my whole life story, but that would bore the heck out of you. So I'll say some stuff about camp that is probably bull, but here I go. The camp has the best food I ever tasted in my life (ha ha). Seriously, this is the best summer I ever had. I plan on coming back until I'm about 19 or 20.

Now I will talk about some issues. First, censorship: I think censorship is a part of America which should be wiped out. I know of some Americans who support censorship (not you Brits). You know who you are! I think we have the right to say what we want and print what we want. So just for that person, J.S.: "The Llama Dies, Horray Hurrah!" Well, no more issues. Here's to the pubbie's who printed this (I probably did). Long live Buck's Rock! Let's get on to the thank you's.

I'd just like to thank the people who made my summer all that it was: Doug Powley and the rest of the wood shop, John Lazar, Paul Tuchmann, Sandro Weiss, Andy Siegel, Jennifer Currie and anyone else I forgot at the pub shop (there are so many of you), Charlie Ledley, Erica Babad, the Clown CIT's and the rest of the Clown Shop, Jason Greenberg, Roger Bailey, Claire Neretin, Jesse Farber, Candy Hundley and the art shop, Dan Seiden, David Ludwig, Jason Archer and all of my other asst. conselers, the costume shop, Dean Xavier, Josh Danzig and glass, Alice Forrester, the cast of The Killing Game, Amy Russell and foto, Andy Simon, my baseball team Krafla (the Kroch), Marc Richter, Ted Masur, Adam Markovics, David Iserson, Danny Braff, Simon Rosof, Dan Greenfield, Me, Mike Copeland, anybody else I forgot (sorry there are just too many of you), and the Llama.

I would also like to make a very special thank you to my parents, Janice and Gary, for giving me this opportunity and to all the rest of my family.

Long live no censorship and loud music!!



Photo by Zack Brown

*Marc J. Zeltzer*

Marc J. Zeltzer  
1991



# PRODUCTION EDITOR

In the beginning, there was darkness

Much worse, there was an absence of creativity

Much was missing

Then God looked down from the heavens and  
proclaimed, "LET THERE BE PUB"

And there was Pub

And God was pleased

And from the highest mountain to the deepest valley  
From the reaches of heaven to the fires of hell  
And all in between

There came a whisper

A whisper so loud that it melted ice caps and caused  
great fissures in the earth

For all around, people were beginning to see  
And beheld the dawn in a new age of creativity that  
was Pub  
And from all around, people came to witness the  
miracle of Pub

And there was no more absence of creativity

And there was no more darkness

There was only Pub

...Or something like that

I won't bore you with a long editorial. I'll just say  
that I had a great first year here. The people here in  
Pub are great. It was a pleasure working with them.  
The only bad thing was their awful taste in music.

Better ask God....



*Walter*



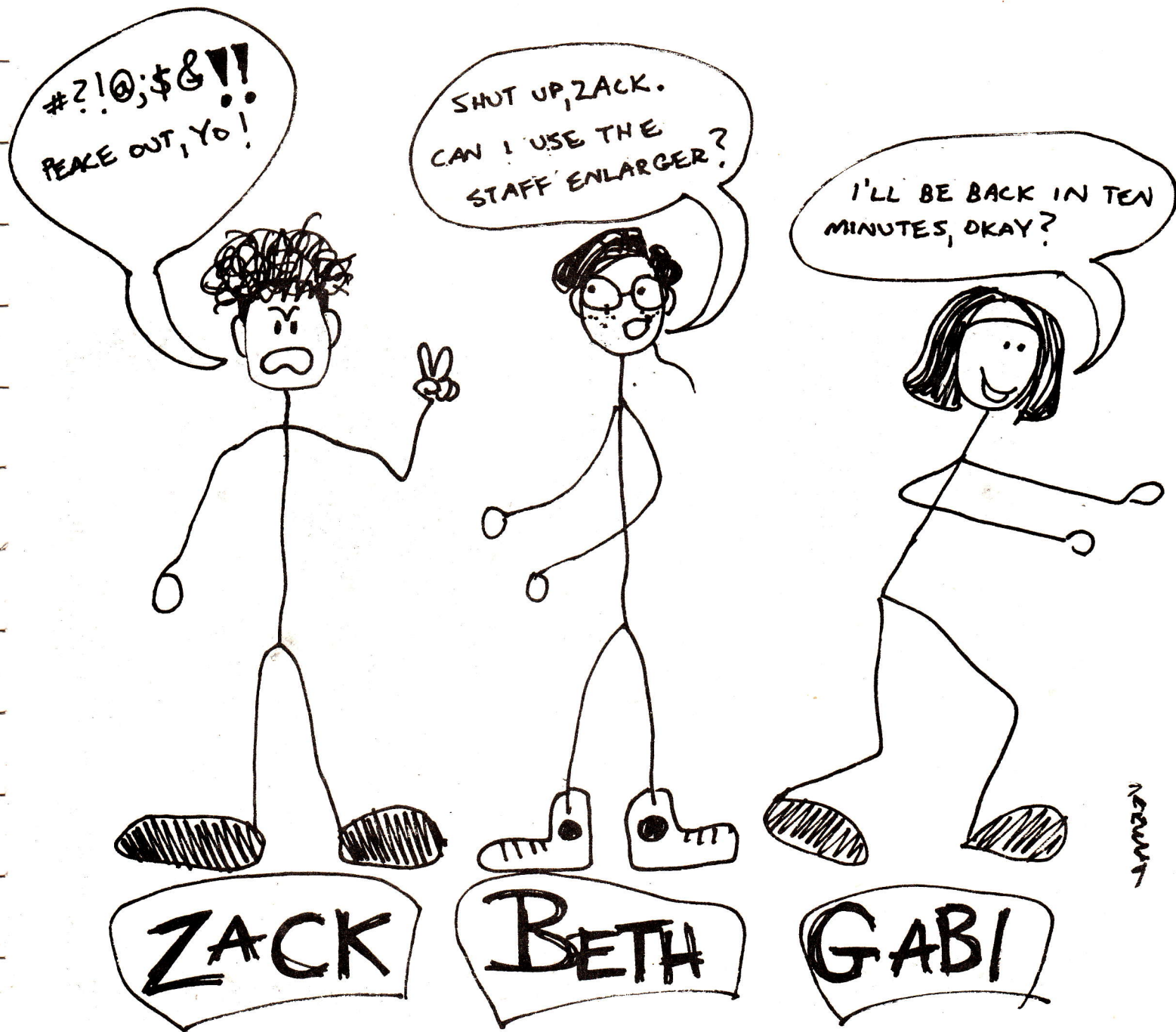


PHOTO EDITORS EXTRAORDINAIRE

THIS TIME, WE DECIDED NOT TO RISK BEING "EDITED FOR CONTENT."



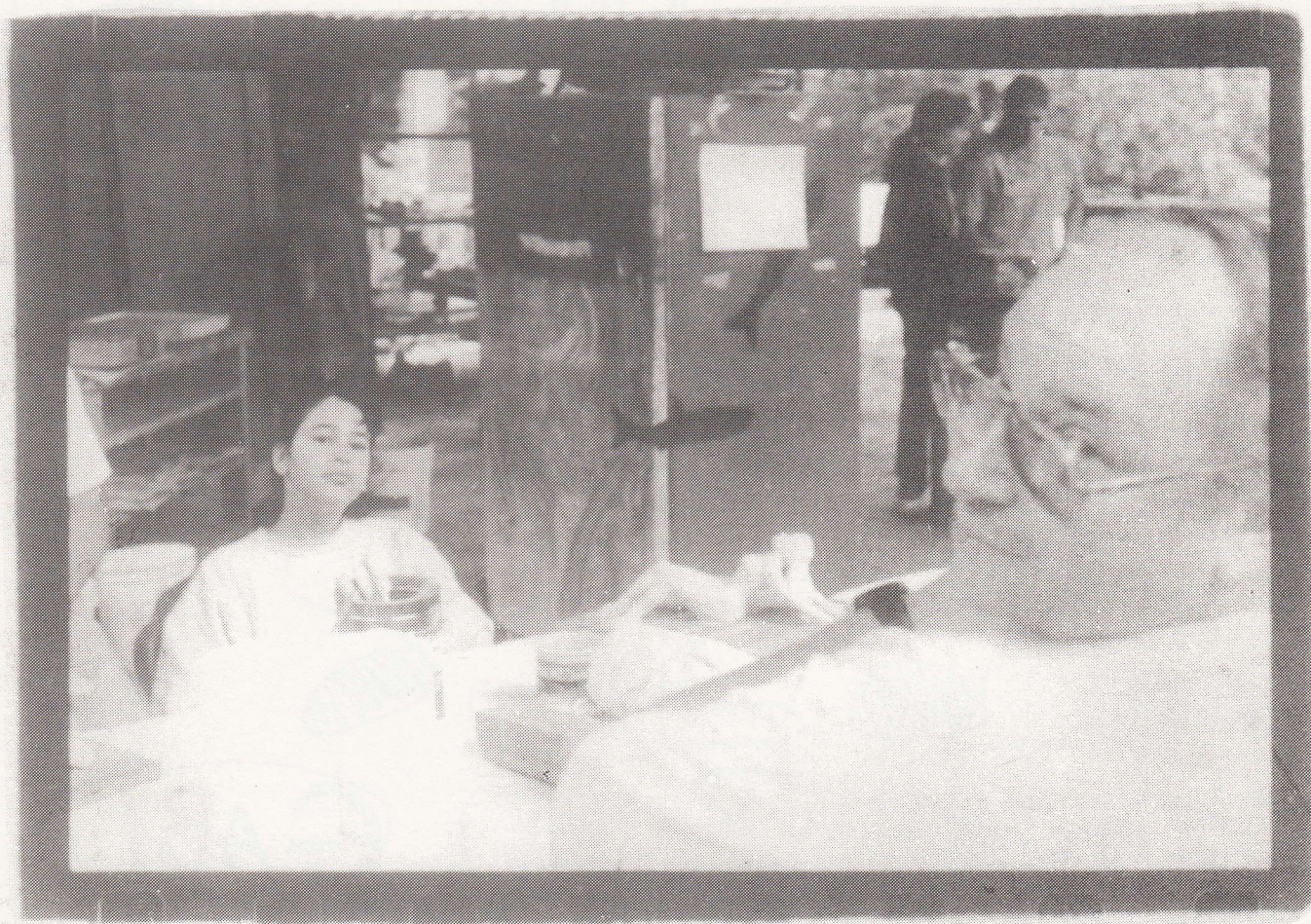


Photo by Amir Magal



**Impalpable**

(im pal pa bel) difficult  
for the mind to grasp readily.

**Final**













# Nearing A Half Century Of Magic

As the 49th year in Buck's Rock history draws to a close, we must pause for a moment to reflect upon what this summer has meant to us both individually and collectively. When, at the end of Festival, we go our separate ways, what will we have learned and understood about ourselves? How will we have become more sensitive and aware of the world around us?

When Buck's Rock was founded in 1943 by Ernst and Ilse Bulova, they had a very special vision--a vision which, over the next three decades, served as a foundation for this unique place of learning and growth. As Lou and Sybil Simon assumed the directorship of Buck's Rock in 1973, they continued to build on that same sturdy foundation, providing a nurturing and stimulating environment which even today remains at the very core of the Buck's Rock philosophy. Indeed, thousands of young adults much like yourselves have come to Buck's Rock and found that each could be a participant in helping to form both the character of the summer and that of the camp itself.

For these reasons, the 1990 camp season was a very special one for us. It allowed us the opportunity to provide leadership to an institution we had come to know and love over these many years. Now, in the second year of our directorship, we are just as firmly committed to ensuring that the "magic" which was created here some 49 years ago continues. We are resolved that Buck's Rock should remain unique not only as a summer camp, but as a place for education, a place where young people are challenged to explore their interests and develop their potentials to the fullest.

This summer at Buck's Rock you have learned to take many risks. You have engaged in a host of projects, adventures and activities, many of which you could not have imagined yourself doing before. How often in the past did you think yourself capable of milking a cow, casting a bronze sculpture, writing a short story, or performing in front of three or four hundred people? The staff here at camp has worked very hard to provide an atmosphere which allows you to take such risks without fear. And this, in a large sense, is a part of what Buck's Rock has been and is still all about.

But there are also challenges you have encountered which lie outside the realm of the tangible

products you have created. Now, as Buck's Rock 1991 draws to a close, we must ask how we have made new and meaningful friendships, how we have become more sensitive to individual differences. Are we more tolerant that we were four or eight weeks ago? Have we developed a true sense of community? Do we have a better understanding of the concepts of trust and commitment? Do we exhibit self confidence, and are we less fearful of the unknown? Have we discovered and found the magic that makes Buck's Rock special? It is our hope and belief that, as a result of your experiences here at Buck's Rock, you are now able to ponder and think about these questions, finding answers for yourselves, finding answers which you will carry with you as you leave us, finding, perhaps, further questions to ask as well.

1991 surely demonstrated that we live in a world in which our tomorrows are very uncertain. In the throes of all this uncertainty, Buck's Rock remains steadfast in its integrity and commitment to its young people. And so, 1992 will be very special for the entire Buck's Rock community. As we usher in our 50th year of providing unique learning and living experiences to young people, we will commemorate this occasion with a gala reunion of alumni and friends, to be held at camp in June. We anticipate that people from many walks of life and many different lands will come together to once again discover Buck's Rock's magic. At the same time, those in attendance will have an opportunity to celebrate the 90th birthday of our founder, Dr. Ernst Bulova.

We stand before you committed to carrying on the work started almost 50 years ago by two pioneers in the field of education. In 1943, they had a vision which lives on just as strongly today. We thank you for your hard work this summer, and for your own vision and insight. We thank you for making Buck's Rock's 49th year one that is special and distinct, one that is marked for its extraordinary sense of community and mutual respect. We hope that, in the years to come, you will take with you what you have learned here this summer and continue to discover more about yourself and others. Indeed, as we have all learned once again, Buck's Rock is truly ever-evolving, truly magical.





Marlene and Stan

Marilyn and Ed



# A Note From Our Founder: Ernst Bulova

We have called the summer at Buck's Rock "A Summer to Discover." A summer of discovery. History tells us that the Age of Discovery was the 15th and 16th centuries. Vasco da Gama, Ferdinand Megellan, Christopher Columbus. But discovery did not begin then and has never ended. Discovery is as old as mankind and will probably continue as long as mankind exists. The Age of Discovery! Africa was discovered, the Phillippines, the American Continent, the coasts of India, Sumatra and Borneo. They were named by the discoverers, and it almost sounds as if they hadn't ever existed until they were "discovered." Some countries, like Japan, said for quite a time: "No, thank you, we don't want to be 'discovered.'" We heard what happened to the people who were 'discovered'; we'd rather remain undiscovered."

But your summer of discovery was of a different nature. It had several sides to it. You discovered there were many things you could do that you had not done before, and many familiar pursuits you wanted to do because you had liked them in the past. And with it you found that there was much within you that you did not know was there: talents for which you found new outlets, skills which you could apply in new ways. Opportunities opened up with the choices you made. In athletic activities, you became stronger and more skillful. With your achievements and the pride you took in them, you acquired more competence and expertise, and developed new proficiency.

But there was another, different kind of discovery. You discovered each other. You formed friendships that may last a lifetime although you had not known each other before you had come here. The discovery of your potentials and the discovery of new friends went hand in hand with the discovery of new teachers. Who were they? They were artists and crafts people, artisans and athletes. They, too, had a summer to discover. They found, as they taught you, they learned from you, and as you learned, you taught them. You learn and you teach, you teach and you learn. And with it, you jointly discovered the essence of education. As you made friends with your contemporaries and your teachers, you made - in new ways - friends with your own selves and thus you discovered the essence of human psychology. When you worked on your publications, you experienced the power of word versus the power of the idea and with it found the essence of litera-

ture. When I mentioned the Anglo-Saxon emblem, the lion and the unicorn, they represented for you the power of reality versus the power of imagination, the power of the tangible versus the power of the intangible, the essence of the human effort to reconcile conflicts. You have come across the power of sickness and the power of health that is the essence of medicine. You have learned from reading the newspapers the essence of the law that is the power of crime and the power of punishment. You might have approached the essence of ethics: the power of the good versus the power of the evil. There is a contradiction religions have tried to resolve, but so far they have foundered on our inability to agree on what is good and what is evil.

We could call what you have done, or attempted to do, art. In our definition, art may be music or theatre, dance or painting, sculpting or writing, running or riding, clowning or pioneering; all the areas that you have explored, or pushed aside, or left for the future - let us call them all "art". And whilst art in this wide sense is demanding, it is also joyous; it is work and satisfaction, it is movement and rest, it is struggle and peace, it is sound and silence, it is all that humans do to understand the mystery of life and death. It is dealing with contradictions. You live and will live with contradictions because they are a part of existence: joy and sadness, achievement and failure, summits and valleys, understanding and misreading, awareness and incomprehension, the extraordinary and the common, closeness and distance, boldness and shyness, affection and hostility, guilt and innocence. This summer may have helped you to live successfully with contradictions. You will find solutions and they will stimulate your thinking and influence your attitudes.

The title of this yearbook: "Imago." The word stands for the concept that what happened in childhood is carried into adulthood; it is reclaimed by the power of memory. It also stands for the beauty of imperfection. Memory is very unreliable. It cannot reproduce what really happened. It cannot reflect correctly the reality of past events. Mnemosyne, the mother of the nine muses, is an imperfect goddess. It is no consolation that all gods and goddesses suffer from imperfections. Mnemosyne's flaws concern us more directly. When memory speaks, its language is distorted. It is distorted by our hopes and phantasies, our ambitions and fears. For better and



for worse. There are forces in the events of the day, outside powers that influence us and color the image of our past. There are forces within each of us that drive us. Both forces are often beyond our control and both obscure the reality of the past. Historians know how little they know. They know of Alcibiades, the Athenian who led the fleet of Athens to destruction, but they know nothing of the personal lives of all the seamen and soldiers who were captured and perished in the quarries of ancient Syracuse. They know about the lives of the Pharaohs for whom the pyramids were built, but they know nothing of the personal feelings and thoughts of those who built them. We have preserved the cradle songs mothers in 1640 sang to calm their babies, but we know nothing of the personal fates and lives of these women; we don't know how they lived through the Thirty Year War that destroyed half of Europe and divided Christendom into Catholics and Protestants.

But we don't have to go that far back into history. We can try to remember our own past. It is said that childhood ends when we have forgotten what happened in it. That is only partly true. We remember, but Mnemosyne, the goddess of memory, is the most unreliable of the nine muses. More often than not, men and women don't remember because they don't want to remember; they don't know because they don't want to know. When the Jews of Europe, with the yellow stars they were forced to wear, had to assemble on the market places of German, Polish, French, and Dutch towns and villages to be loaded into cattle cars, the burghers stood around and watched until the trains pulled out. They knew the destination and the purpose of these transports. They knew but they didn't know because they did not want to know. And to this day, some, if they are alive, still don't want to know. The workers in the factory that built the mirage fighter planes knew or should have known the use these products would be put to. The workers in the chemical factories that manufactured the means to wage chemical warfare knew or should have known where the products of their labor would finally end up. The workers who put together atomic weapons knew or should have known the ultimate purpose of their work on the assembly lines. The scientists who constructed the bomb knew or should have known what their inventions would lead to. The merchants who sold war material all over the world knew or

should have known what the profits of their profit-making enterprise would result in. They all knew but they didn't know because they did not want to know. When President Reagan, in his autobiography that somebody else wrote, stated that he should have asked Oliver North and Admiral Poindexter what they were up to, he now voices his regrets that he had not done so. He most likely knew but he did not want to know since knowing would have made him an accomplice in their doings. To be fully honest could be self-destructive. This can become a dilemma we cannot solve. All we can do is be as forthright with ourselves and with those around us and as truthful as we can be. We tried to be honest with you and you responded by being honest with us. That was an intangible achievement whose memory might stay with you as it will stay with us.

In the future, you will make further discoveries. They may make you suspect that our world is more complicated, more interesting and more treacherous than a perfect world ought to be. It may include the realization that we are facing the immensity of a universe that is totally indifferent to our existence. You may want to come to terms with the thought that our planet belongs to a galaxy among billions of galaxies with untold billions and billions of suns and planets and that the disappearance of our solar system would be of no universal consequence. It may occur to you that, by mere chance, you live at this time, in this age, and not as a warrior who with William the Conqueror invaded England in 1066 or as a French citizen who watched Joan of Arc being burned at the stake, and that human existence tends to defy comprehension, and that the mystery of life and death remains the puzzle it always was and probably always will be. It may become obvious to you that, under these circumstances, existence is heroic, that we are not heroes that fight wars but everyday heroes, and that it requires tremendous courage and strength to face life's enigmas. My impression that this summer has added to your store of courage, of self-confidence and fortitude that all humans--to a certain degree--proudly possess, seems to me to be valid together with my feeling that these qualities will stay with you and that you will add to them in your years to come. And that is my wish for you at the end of a Summer to Discover.



## A PARABLE

One day the son of God looked down on the earth and said to his Father: "I would like to go down and visit Mankind." And God replied: "Why would you want to do such a thing?" And the Son of God answered: "It could be very interesting. I am curious. Perhaps I could learn something." "Stay here," said God. "Curiosity is dangerous. Be satisfied with heaven." But the son of God looked constantly down to earth. He did not know why, but there was something that had to do with mankind that intrigued him. "I would really like to visit mankind," he said. "It looks very exciting. And anyway traveling broadens the mind." God put his arm around his son's shoulder. "Stay here," said God. "Stay here. Mankind cannot teach you anything. Mankind thinks it knows everything. Mankind thinks it can do everything, or at least many things. They can talk to each other over long distances. They can fly through the air, they can travel under water. Yes, mankind seems to know everything indeed, except the Truth." The Son of God frowned. What could his Father have in mind? How could mankind be so clever and yet be so ignorant at the same time? How could mankind know everything but not know the Truth? God realized that his son was confused. And so, God took his Son by the hand and led Him down to earth. It was quite dark, about two o'clock in the morning, when their feet touched the ground of a grassy hill. The Son looked around in amazement. There were valleys and mountains, farms, a church steeple, the roofs and the chimneys of a village. "Let us wait for daylight," said God, "and then be on our way and talk to the people." And they did. They spoke to men and women and children. They asked questions and received answers to all of them. Except for the answer to one question. They went all over the earth and asked the people: "Do you know the Truth?" They all shrugged their shoulders and wrinkled their brows, as the Son of God had done in heaven before He had come down to earth. "The Truth?" they said in puzzlement. "We don't even know what Truth is. How can we know the Truth?" "There you are," said the Father, "I told you so. You will learn; you will learn that humans know everything except the Truth." The Son turned to His Father. "Father," he said, "Do you know the Truth?" "I?" answered God,

"How could I know the Truth? I have created man in my image and if he does not know the Truth, if he does not even know what the Truth is, how could I do any better than my image?" The Son was sad but wiser. And accepting the limitations of God and Man, they returned to Heaven, where they were at home. And left the earth to mankind that is their home.

P.S. -- This is a translation of a story, written in German, with apologies to an author whose name I can't remember and special apologies for all the changes I have made that turned the story into the parable that I called "The Search for Truth."

P.P.S. -- We do not know what truth is but would we want to know the truth, uncontaminated by our hopes and desires, if we knew what truth is? Would we? "The whole truth and nothing but the truth?" What an impossible oath to swear under the threat of committing perjury! "So help us God." Which God? Jehovah? Allah? Or any god? The dead gods? Zeus? Wotan? Jupiter? The heavens and hells are littered with the corpses of gods and goddesses. Oh, the absurdity and the beauty of it all! Oh, the magic of human illusions that populated the universe with their glittering creations! Oh, the power of Mythology that tried and continues to try to overcome the superpower of Reality! Oh, the Beauty and the genius of human self-deception!

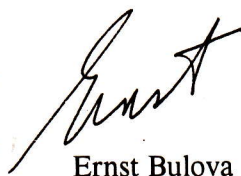
  
Ernst Bulova



Photo by Beth



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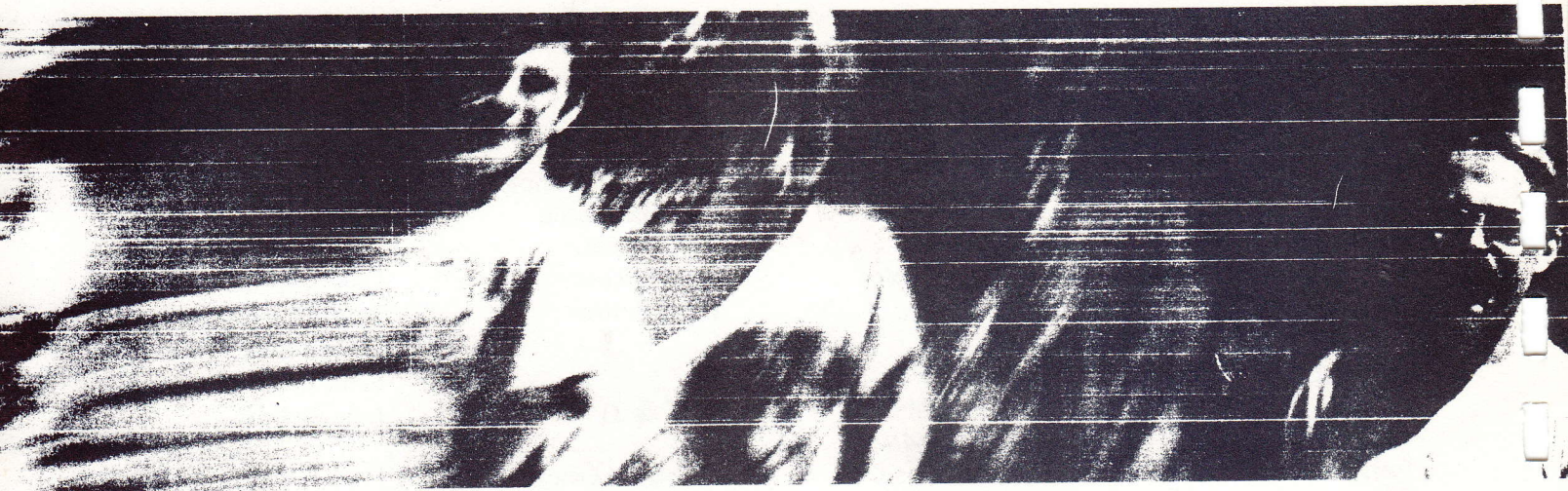
Zachary Friedland  
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Alanna Yudin







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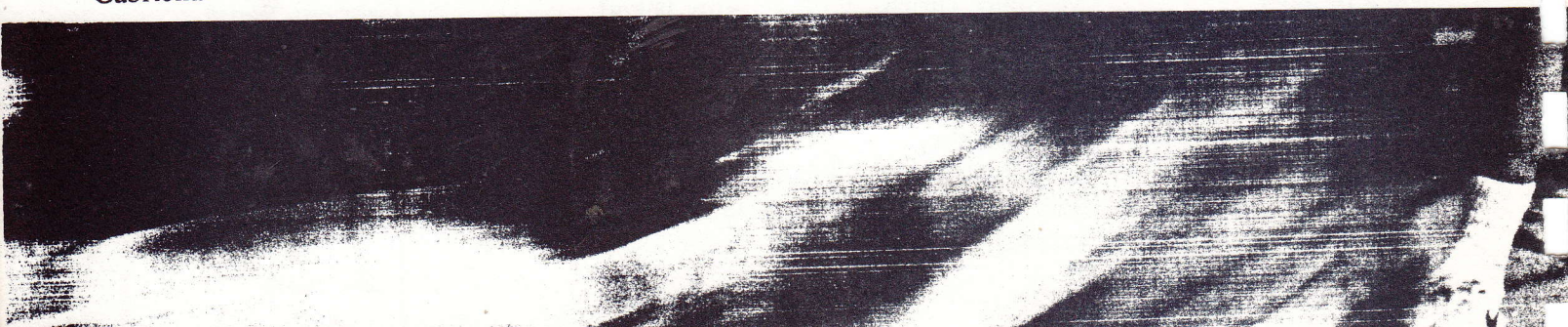
## Advisors, Thanks and Stuff

### OOPS

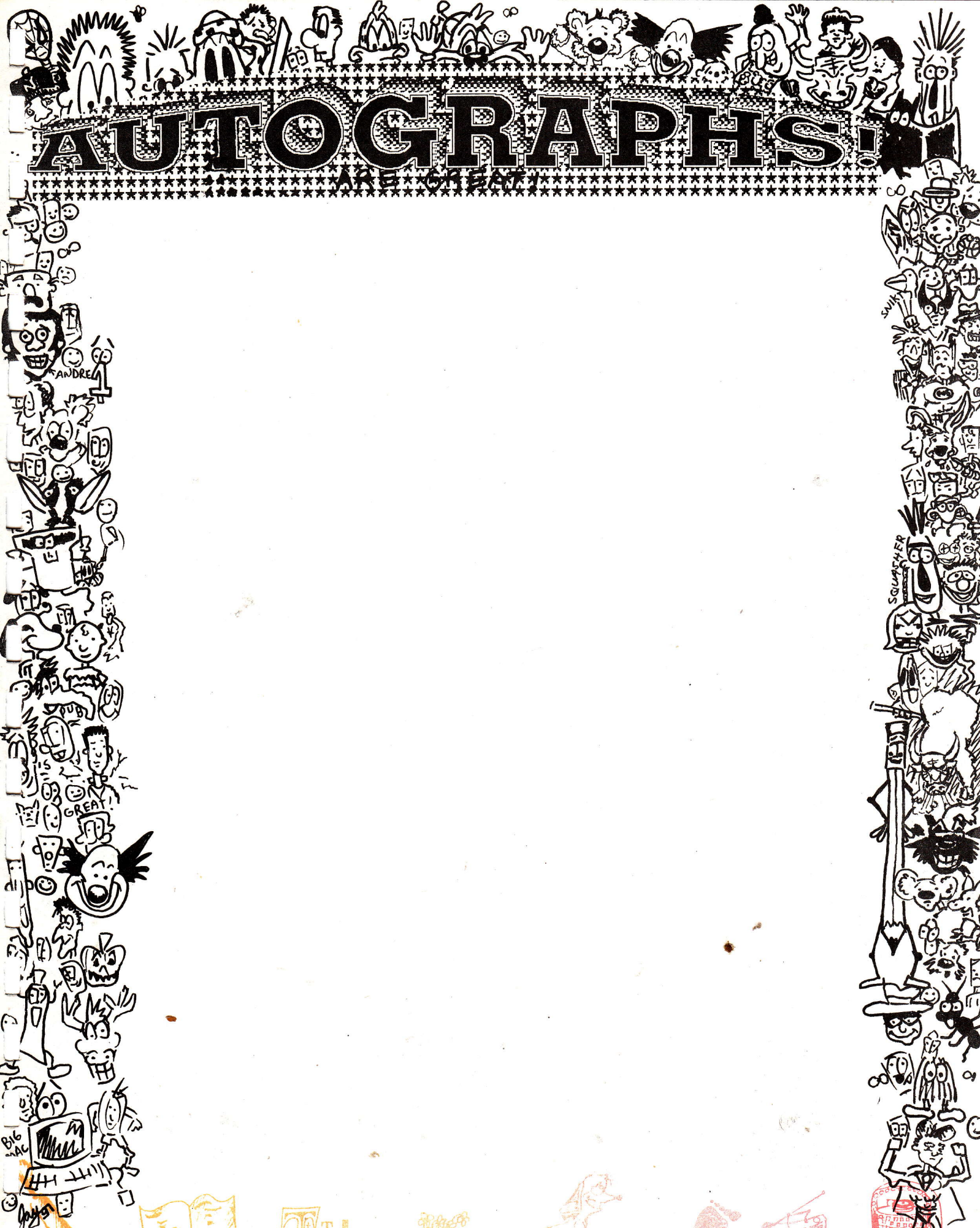
The Athletics photo was taken by Leo Ferguson.  
The Pioneering photo was taken by Ian Schliefer.  
The Art photos were taken by Lori Goldsmith.  
The WBBC photo was taken by Lania Geter.  
The photo at the end of Outdoor Activities was incorrectly credited; it was taken by Alex Couri.  
The program cover for the Mushed Recital of August eighth was credited incorrectly; it was designed by Andrew Sage.  
Missing from the Production credits list are Jennifer Berson and Shane Gober.

### SPECIAL THANKS

Foto (especially Ester, Millie, Barbie and Gordie), Silkscreen, Art, Pam Dicke, Jack Gresko, Sam Mazzerella, Maintenance, Ernst, Marilyn, Ed, Marlene, Stan, Ron Danzig, the Austrian Psychoanalytic Society, Sandro and Denise for learning how to mix **ink** (not paint, Lewis), Rita Pudell, Jeremy Wepener in the kitchen for being kind to us when we came in to snag some grub one fateful Friday night, the rest of the kitchen staff and Al<sup>3</sup>, the Awfis, Romi for typing the Dance Night program herself, Jenny Berson for binding directories, styrofoam peanuts and bubble wrap, the Union Camp paper company, LSD, 10,000 Maniacs, Indigo Girls, Squeeze, Elton John, Marvin Gaye, Lloyd Cole, the pizza place, the video rental place, WBBC for announcing collation, everyone who collated or quality checked, the Clowns, significant others of the editorial staff, and any other significant people or entities we've forgotten.

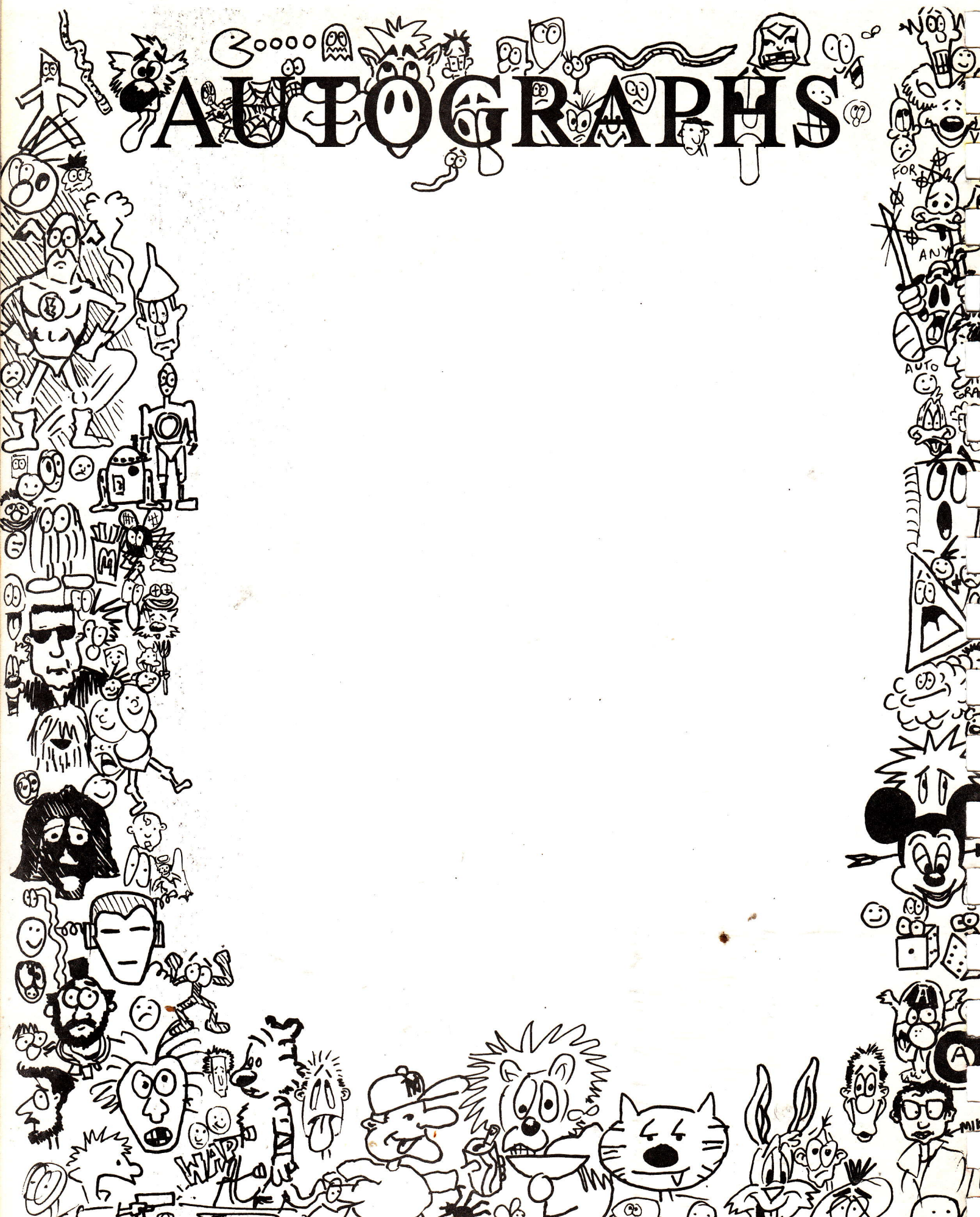




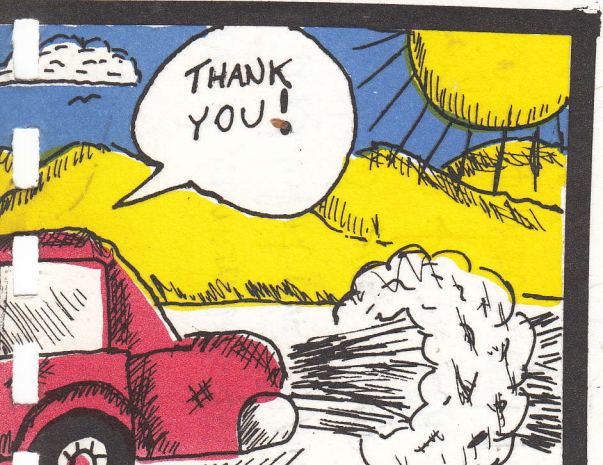




# AUTOGRAPHS









# REUNION

Dec. 15, 1991

12-4pm

Abraham Hesc'hel School

270 West 89 Street

New York, N.Y.



THROUGH THE COURSE OF YEARBOOK PRODUCTION OUR TITLE MESSAGES BECAME

MESSED UP. SEE IF YOU CAN DECIPHER THEM.

IN ENGLISH, i remember

IN FRENCH, je me souviens



IN ITALIAN, amacord

Stacey Gish

—ALWAYS w/ A  
WEAPON IN MY HAND!

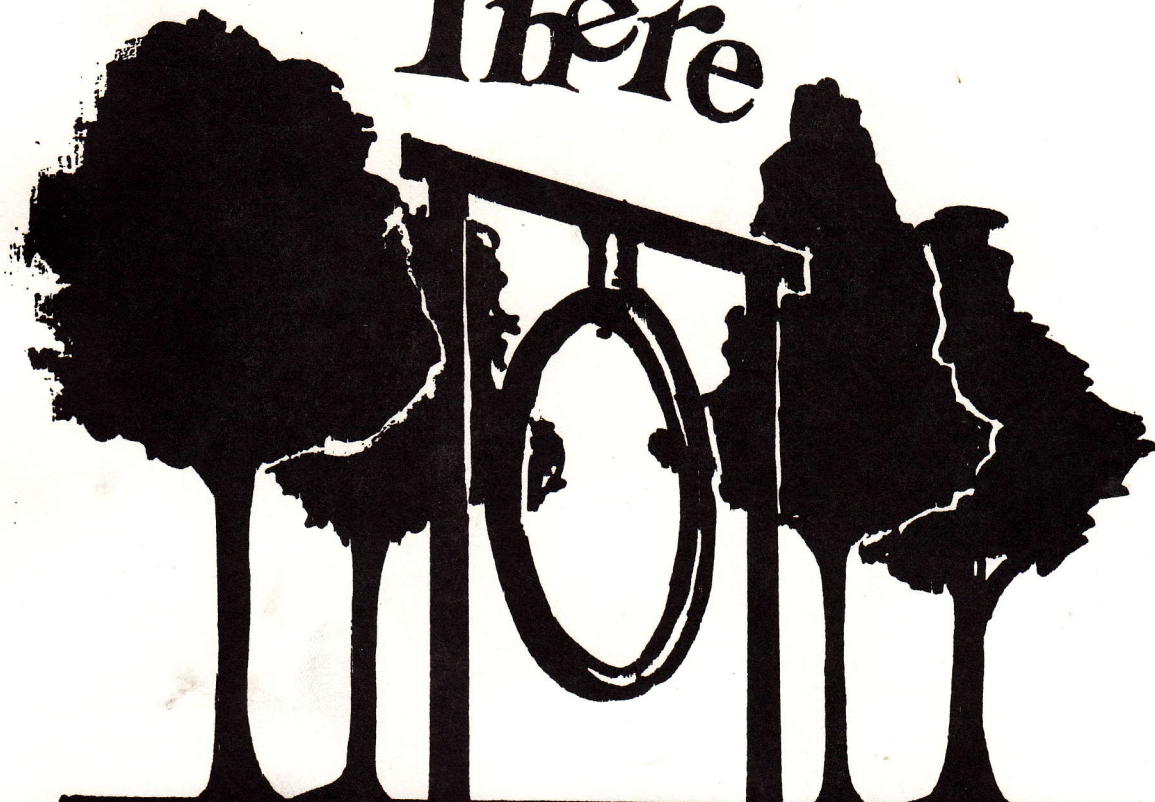
THAT'S  
ME!





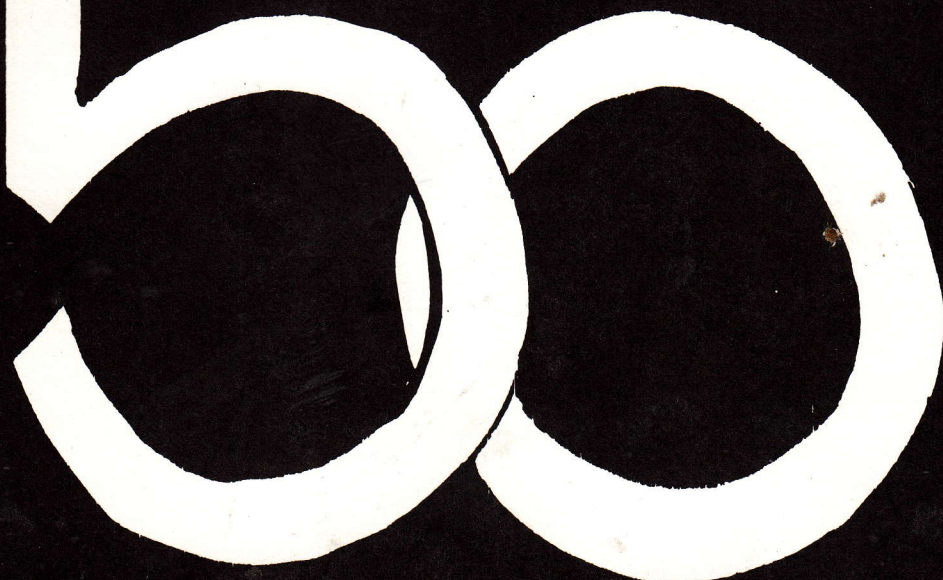


See you  
There



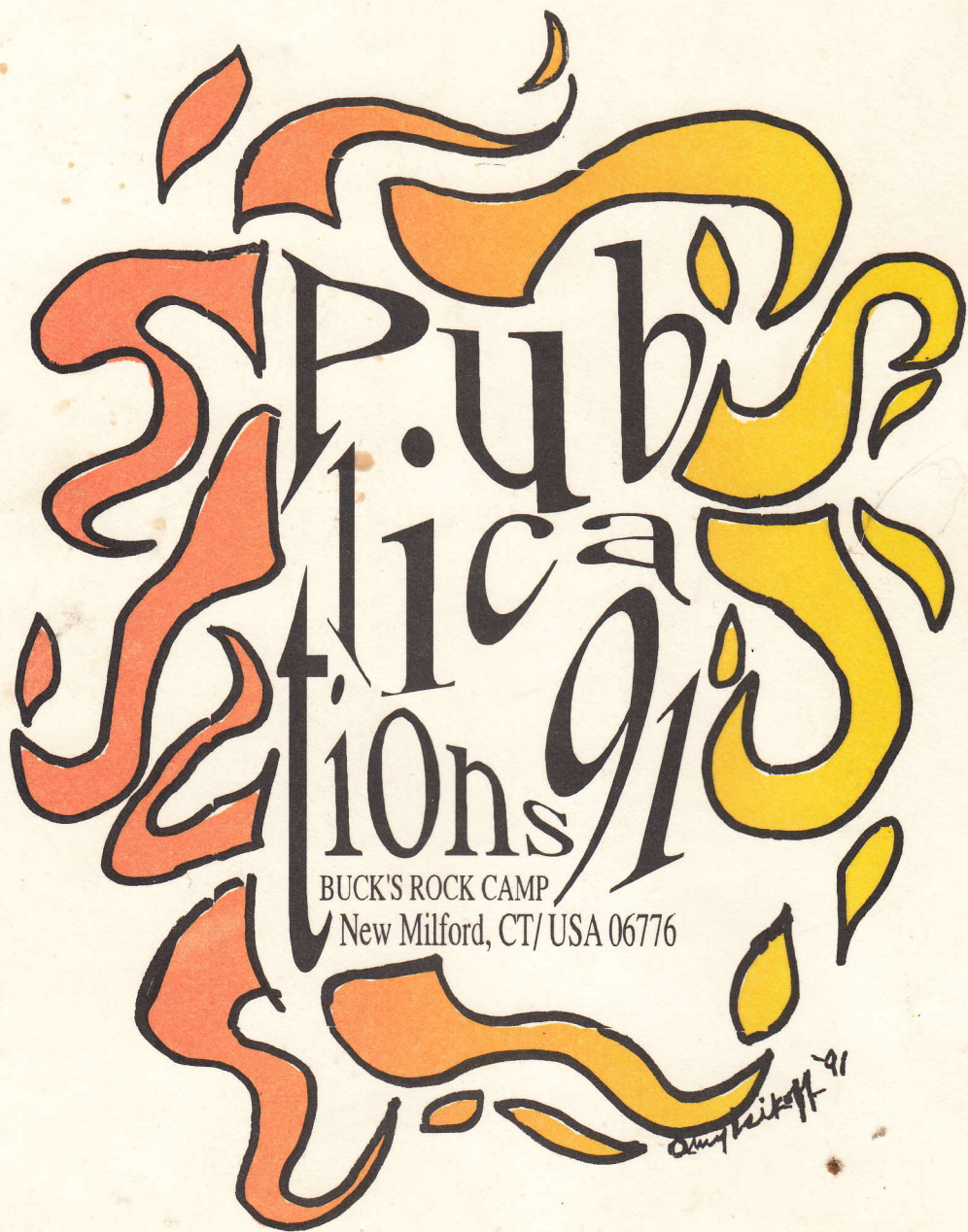
1942

1992



BUCK'S ROCK CAMP





BUCK'S ROCK CAMP  
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amy kirk 91